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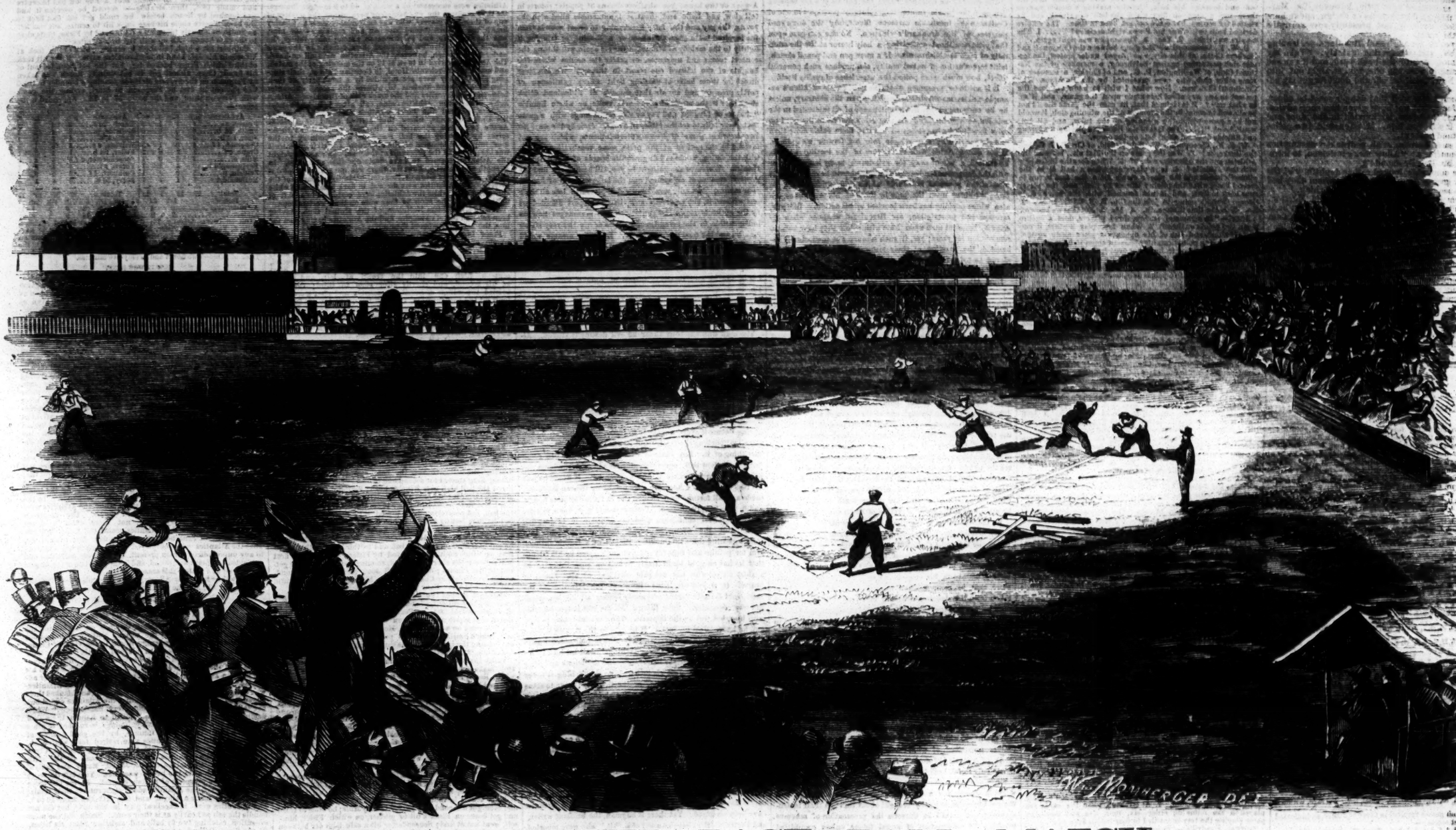

CHAMPIONSHIP BASE BALL MATCH

Between the Atlantics, of Brooklyn, and the Athletics, of Philadelphia; Played at the Union Grounds, Williamsburgh, L. I., on Monday, Sept. 7th, 1868. [For details of Game see inside of this issue of the CLIPPER.]

REFLECTIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

You have often heard reflections
Pass from lip to lip, I guess,
Of other people's fortunes,
Their manners and their dress;
Some impertinent and vulgar,
Some cutting, shrewd and keen,
But these particular reflections
Are not the kind I mean.

You have often seen young urchins,
With bits of polished glass,
Throwing blinding bright reflections
In the eyes of those who pass;
Such mischievous reflections
You may have often seen,
But these, like those just mentioned,
Are not the kind I mean.

You may, though not so often,
While lying in the grass
By some smoothly flowing streamlet,
Seen a country lassie pass,
O'er the smooth stones lightly stepping;
And you may perchance have seen,
In Nature's mirror pictured,
The reflections that I mean.

Bare feet brightly glancing,
Ankles slightly browned,
Swelling limbs that tapered,
Smooth and firm and round,
All mirrored in the water,—
These, it may be, you have seen,
If so, then you have witnessed
The reflections that I mean.

Or sometimes idly strolling
Through beautiful Broadway,
When the weather has been showery
Sometime within the day,
Clad in stockings white and dainty
And gaiter-boot, you're seen,
Enchantingly inverted,
The reflections that I mean.

RUINED FOR EVER;

OR,

THE WORLD AGAINST THE FAVORITE.

BY HAMLYN SMITH.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NIGHT ALARM.

Before proceeding further to describe Ray Desmond's adventures, I must ask the reader to accompany me to Leonard Fairfax's town house, where the mysterious being always resumed her female character.

About midnight in the autumn of this year (1824) there was heard a loud and violent knocking at the door of this house, which echoed through hall and passages. Mary, the housemaid, was the only person awake in the establishment.

She heard the oft-repeated knockings at the door, and it immediately occurred to her that Henry, the man servant, was absent, and that she remained the sole protector of herself and mistress. Mary, therefore, remained quite silent.

All the cruelties of thieves and robbers, which were then so prevalent in London, rushed to her remembrance, and it appeared to her highly probable that it might be a party of assassins, aware of the unprotected and lonely situation of the house, that were now seeking to accomplish some base design. Mary remained, therefore, in her chamber, trembling and in despair.

The knocker meanwhile thundered louder and louder, while in the intervals Mary thought she heard a voice crying, "For the love of heaven, open the door!—open the door!"

"In this strain," thought the maid, "no robber speaks. Who knows but it may be some persecuted wretch, who seeks the protection of my mistress, who is well known to delight in generous actions; but I must be cautious."

Mary, therefore, opened a window and cried down, "Who knocks so lond at this unseasonable hour, awakening every one from their sleep?" while she gave her deep voice as much of the manly character as was possible.

In the glimmer of the moonbeams, which then broke through the dark clouds, she beheld a tall figure, muffled in a light grey mantle, with a broad, slouched hat, drawn down so far as to shade both eyes and countenance. She now called with a louder voice, so that it might be heard by the person below.

"Henry, Charles, William, rise and see what villain attempts to break into the house!"

Immediately upon this a soft and lamentable voice answered from below:—

"Only trust me—trust me! Open the door and fear nothing; I must needs speak with your mistress this very moment."

"Do not imagine," replied the housemaid, "that you could speak with my lady at this untimely hour. You must know she has long since gone to sleep, and that I would not awaken her upon any account from the first slumber. But tell me, why do you claim the compassion of my mistress at this unusual hour? Cannot you come back early to-morrow?"

Mary said this from above, while it was answered from below—"If there be but one moment left for salvation, dare it be postponed? Open the door, and fear nothing from a miserable, helpless creature, forsaken by the whole world, pursued and hunted by a horrid destiny, who wishes to implore your lady to save him from a threatening danger."

Mary felt moved, and without further consideration went for the keys. The door was scarcely opened when the mantle-muffled figure rushed impetuously forward and cried, with a commanding and frantic voice, while stepping past the maid into the hall, "Conduct me to your lady!"

In the greatest consternation Mary raised the candlestick, and the rays of the taper fell upon the countenance of a man that was deadly pale and frightfully distorted.

The maid's terror was certainly not diminished when the young man threw open his mantle and her eye caught the bright handle of a pistol peeping out of his bosom.

The man started at her sparkling eyes, and cried, in a tone of great agitation, "Conduct me to your lady this instant—conduct me to your lady!"

Mary now considered her worthy lady in the greatest danger.

The profound respect and ardent attachment which she had so long entertained for one who had treated her so kindly burned now more strongly than ever in her affectionate bosom, and produced a courage which she never once dreamt of possessing.

She hastily shut the door of the chamber, which had been left open, placed herself before it, and said, with energy and firmness, "Your intemperate conduct in the house accords, indeed, badly with your lamentable wailings when on the outside, which, as I now observe, have awakened at an evil hour my sympathy and compassion. With my lady you neither shall nor can speak at present, and if you have no evil design, and fear not to meet the light of day, come to-morrow and tell her what you are now so anxious to relate; but, at present, I beg you will quit the house."

The man gave a deep sigh, stared at the girl with a terrifying look, and seized hold of his pistol. Mary secretly recommended her soul to heaven; but remained steadfast, looked the man boldly in the face, and pressed herself closer to the door of the chamber, through which he must needs go to reach the apartment of her mistress.

"Let me go to your lady, I tell you," reiterated the stranger.

"Do what you please," rejoined Mary; "I shall not stir from this spot. Execute the foul deed which you have begun, and you will also find a shameful death on the scaffold, like your villainous companions."

"Ha!" exclaimed the man, "you are right, Mary—you are right! I do appear armed like a robber and assassin; but my companions are not judged—are not executed."

Whilst saying so, he drew from his bosom a dagger, and cast a withering look at the terrified woman.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Mary, expecting the deadly thrust; but at that moment a clash of arms and the trampling of horses were heard in the street.

"The police!—the police! Help! help!" cried the maid.

"Unfeeling woman, you wish my destruction! All is over—all is over! Take—take—Give this to your lady this very night, or to-morrow, if you please."

The man, lowly murmuring, pulled the candlestick from the girl's grasp, extinguished the taper, and pressed a small casket into her hands.

"For heaven's sake give this casket to your mistress!" cried the man; and rushed from the house.

Mary, who had fallen to the ground, arose with difficulty, and groped back to her chamber, where, quite exhausted and incapable of speech, she sank upon a chair. But a few seconds had now elapsed, before a noise with the key which she left in the street door attracted her attention. The door was then locked, and at length light, uncertain footsteps approached her room.

Immovably fixed and speechless from terror, she awaited her frightful fate; but how changed were her feelings when the door opened, and at the first glance she recognised the faithful Henry, who, looking deadly pale and full of consternation, exclaimed, on entering, "By all the saints, tell me, Mary, tell me what has happened! I should have been here before, but when I came to the corner of the street, a body of police seized me. Most fortunately the inspector of police, to whom I was known, recognised me as a lantern was held before my face, and said, 'Ah, Henry! why are you in the streets at this hour of the night? You should remain in the house to protect it. It is dangerous to be found here at this hour. We expect to seize a good prize presently.' You cannot conceive how these words struck me; and then, when I step upon the threshold, and encounter a disguised man with a pistol in his hand, who, in his hurry to escape, whirls me round and round—the house open, the key in the lock—tell me—tell me what all this betokens?"

Mary, in some measure relieved from her fearful anxiety, related what had happened. Both went into the hall and found the candlestick on the ground, where the stranger had flung it on quitting the house.

"It is but too true," said Henry, "that our lady would have been robbed, if not murdered. The man knew, as you have said, that you were alone with our mistress, and knew likewise that she was still awake over her work. Probably he was one of the execrable villains who introduce themselves into the interior of houses, cunningly spying everything that may serve for the furtherance of their diabolical purposes. The small box, Mary, I think we ought to throw into the deepest part of the Thames."

The two servants were relieved from the necessity of further discussion by the appearance of a third person on the scene. It was Leonard Fairfax, dressed now, not in man's attire, but in the garb proper to her sex.

"I have heard your discussion, Mary," she said; "but your fears are groundless. Give me the box."

Henry, who had been examining it minutely, handed it to his mistress, who took it eagerly from him.

One moment sufficed to open it and see what its contents were.

"Great heavens!" she cried, sinking down upon the staircase. "Why did you refuse this man admittance? You have ruined my dearest friend!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ESCAPE.

When the police explained to Ray Desmond their business at the door of the inn yard, he was at first so stupified that he was unable to answer them. After a moment, however, he said, "There must be some mistake here. You have taken the wrong man."

One of the detectives shook his head.

"Not I," said he—not I, sir! You are Mr. Desmond—the son of Sir Henry Desmond; and you are accused of the murder of Sir Lawrence Glanville."

Desmond turned deadly pale, but in the darkness of the night this was not perceptible to his companions.

"Well," he said, in a voice which he contrived to render firm and dignified, "since you insist that *I* am the man, I must go with you. Where do you propose to take me?"

"To the county jail."

"Where is that?"

"Only a couple of miles across the downs and along Holmfirth lane. We can have a conveyance from this place, if you like."

"Most certainly," said Desmond. "I will pay for a conveyance. I do not care to be met in such company, I can assure you."

In a few minutes a fly was brought out and a horse put to it.

As the ostler stooped down near him, Ray Desmond had time to say these words—"Don't speak to me, but listen. Get one of my horses saddled ready, and I will give you a five-pound note. If the driver can contrive to upset us, I'll give another."

The man started but took no further notice. He was used to odd people and odd things, and was not at all bewildered by Ray's secret instruction.

"Jump in, Mr. Desmond," said one of the constables, opening the door. "That's right! Now then, Jeffries!"

"Good night, Mr. Desmond!" said the ostler, putting his head in at the window, when the two detectives and their victim had seated themselves—"good night, Mr. Desmond! It's only a bit of a mistake. You're all right."

These last words were said with an expressive wink of the eye as an accompaniment, which Ray Desmond took to be a satisfactory answer to his demands. At any rate he had to be satisfied with the wink, whatever it meant; for the coach now rumbled out of the yard and began to roll away along the dark lane, which led towards what the constable called the "downs."

"It's rather a hokkard part of the country, this, sir," said the policeman, who had not as yet spoken—"very hokkard. I may say, that since I have been in this line of business, I never came across such a hokkard place."

The man was evidently specially fond of this term, "hokkard," by which studious people might discover that he meant "awkward."

"Why do you find it so?" asked Desmond.

"Why, the people won't answer your questions half your time; and when they does answer them, they do it in such a queer language that you can't tell what they mean. And then the ground is so bad that you wear out shoe-leather and stumble over about half the ground that you can do in the same time in London."

"Yes, it is an awkward part," said Desmond; "especially about here. See how the coach jolts from side to side. I shouldn't wonder to see it tip over presently."

But, much as Ray Desmond desired this consummation, he was not—at this moment, at any rate—destined to be satisfied. The coach continued to jolt along steadily, the darkness each moment increasing, and the outlines of the landscape fading away more rapidly as it advanced. Desmond's heart began to beat furiously.

No excitement he had ever experienced on the turf was equal to the excitement he experienced now. Knowing well the uncertainty of the law, he was indeed loth to run the risk of being entangled in the web of circumstantial evidence which Marston and his gang could weave around him.

Just on the brink of a splendid future—having that very day achieved a success that bid fair to wipe away the effects of all his former losses, he felt maddened by the idea of being cast into a jail, and left to the mercy of a cruel and uncertain law. Escape, therefore, was his one absorbing thought. He forgot all else. He forgot that the very act of flight would seem to fix upon him the stigma of guilt. He waited eagerly. His eyes yearned wistfully out over the dark country. Still no sign of stoppage. Half the downs were passed.

"Hullo!" cried one of the constables, suddenly. "What's this? Water in front of us, and he's driving us right into it!"

The other constables looked out as well.

"Yes; by Jove, that there is. This is very hokkard! I say—here, driver—what are you doing?—where are you going?"

"Going across the stream, sir."

"What, through the water?"

"Yes, sir; there ain't no bridge. It ain't very deep, and will only, perhaps, wet your boots a little."

Ray Desmond's heart rose again. He knew well that a little further up the stream a broad, substantial bridge stemmed its waters. The man was evidently performing a part.

"This is very unpleasant," said the constable; "is there no other way?"

"None," returned Desmond; "this is a ford used by all the market carts. See, he is stopping on the edge of the stream. Go on, my good man—go on!"

The driver gave the horse a sudden lash and it swerved on one side. Then there was a heave forward, a plunge backward, and the fly went crash over on its side among the slime and water. Ray Desmond, who was prepared for this emergency, at once opened the door and sprang out.

He waited not to see how his late companions fared, but leaving them to emerge as best they might from the mud and ooze that now half filled the vehicle, he rushed away along the rough road they had so lately traversed and made his way as fast as he could towards the "George inn."

He was not long in reaching it. In fact, running as he was for dear life, he went far more quickly than the lumbering old fly that had been hired to take him to jail. Thankfully, indeed, he saw the glimmering lights of the "George," and, before the door, the form of a saddled horse. Hearing quick footsteps cross the yard-gate, the ostler at once guessed what had happened and hurried out.

"Glad you're back, Mr. Desmond," said he. "It's all right, then?"

"Yes; here is your five—give this one to the coachman. He did it well. Go and fetch me some brandy, and sharp, for they will be after me in a moment!"

The delighted ostler at once ran into the inn and returned in a moment.

"Brought it neat, sir; hot water makes it too long a drinking. Never mind the money; I'll pay for this! Good night, sir, and ride quick, for I can hear some one a coming now!"

The man was right. The sound of loud voices could be heard in the direction in which the fly had lately met with the accident. But Ray Desmond had now little to fear from their pursuit.

He had the start of them, and was riding, moreover, a young and fresh horse. He arrived in London in the grey of the morning, and after partaking of breakfast in the first obscure coffee house he could find, he turned his horse's head in the direction of Leonard Fairfax's house. There was no one there to receive him. A solitary man servant came to the door.

"Is it Mr. Fairfax that you want, sir?" he asked, with a truly Hibernian accent.

"Yes, that is it."

"Well, then, he ain't here, sir," returned the domestic. "He, or she, or whatever it is, has gone to London."

"Can you give me the address?"

"Yes, sir; though I'm doubting if you'll find him there till night. I'll fetch you a card."

The man did so. Ray Desmond glanced at it eagerly. It was in a part of London he well knew.

"Good?" he said, giving the man a piece of gold. "Tell me, now—have you a master or a mistress? Is it a lady or a gentleman who owns this house?"

"Faith, now," said the Irishman, "I don't know whether my master is a man or a woman, for certain; but I've a kind of suspicion that he *is* a woman, and that his name ain't Fairfax at all.'

A wild, strange hope entered Ray's mind. Could this be his wife in disguise? Could his own wife, so much maligned, be his mysterious benefactor? Could her innocent heart have conceived this way of winning back to herself his love?

Resolved, at any rate, not to compromise this friend, he determined to proceed to the house at night, and in disguise, and to send up to her, enclosed in a box, a letter entreating protection, as well as certain relics, which would be known and appreciated only by his long-lost wife.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRANSFORMED.

Having come to this determination, Ray Desmond proceeded towards London, and having put up his horse at an inn, strolled away down a low street in Lambeth, and entered a little public house, the whole width of which was not much greater than a good sized passage, but which was of considerable length and full of customers.

There was a quiet little parlor behind, and here, accordingly, Ray ensconced himself. Finding himself undisturbed, save by the prying eyes of a very pretty barmaid, he ordered dinner; and having dispatched a very passable steak and some very middling beer, he resolved to remain where he was till night time.

Ordering some grog, therefore, he sipped this for a long time, watching eagerly the waning of the day, and feigning sleep when the inquisitive barmaid peeped in.

At length evening came on and one or two customers popped in; tradesmen, tired of simpering behind counters and measuring out idiotic "ha'portha" to those who think it economy to buy in small quantities; printers, coming for their nightly game of dominoes; artizans, nondescripts and blacklegs. Among the latter, Ray Desmond soon spied out a face he knew.

For a moment he could not call to mind where he had seen him; but at length he remembered that he had met him in the company of John Marston. It was, in fact, none other than Running Joe. As soon as the latter saw Desmond he beckoned him over into the corner where he had ensconced himself. Desmond at once went over.

"Who are you?" whispered he. "I know your face, but I can't remember where we have met."

"Not togged like this, perhaps," returned Running Joe. "But, the truth is, this battered hat and this greasy old coat are part of a game—a bit of a lay, sir, if you can understand that."

"Where is Marston?"

"I don't know where he is now, but I expect him here presently. He and I have had a bit of a fall out, you see—we've dissolved partnership—but he can't do without me, so he's coming here to get me to help him a bit."

"Well, it won't do for me to be seen by him. He is the very one I want to avoid. You know why, I suppose."

"I do. We always know these things before the police. He won't be here yet for an hour or so. But tell me—why are *you* here?"

"On the quiet; till it is a little later."

"I see," mused Joe; "a funny place, too, to choose to be on the quiet. But I'll tell you what, Mr. D.—no fear, I never use more than initials—I owe Marston a grudge. He's done me a nasty turn—a thundering bad turn, and I should like to be even with him. Now, he's given you up, hasn't he?"

"He has."

"For the murder?"

"Yes—don't speak so loud. Can you help me?"

"No fear. Yes, I can help you. Have you any money?"

"A little."

He had over ten thousand pounds in notes in his pockets—a portion of his winnings over Will o' the Wisp; but he wisely enough deemed it imprudent to confess to such a character as Running Joe the possession of such a sum.

"Very well, then," said the blackleg; "and I'll transform you."

Rising up at once, Running Joe led the way into the street.

"You see," said he, "I want you to hear what Marston says, and to do that you must be disguised so that he can't recognize you. If he does, why you know what to do—knock him down and bolt. I shan't take one side or the other; but you can always hear of me by sending on the quiet to No. 7 Birdcastle Walk and asking for Joe Plummitt. Are you game?"

"Yes."

"Very well then, here goes. You can put on the things I give you over your own; but if you have much money, don't let the old Moses finger your pockets too much."

The money was concealed in a pocket on the inside of his waistcoat, so that there was little fear of its being detected; and accordingly he entered boldly the greasy store into which Running Joe conducted him.

The owner—as is usually the case in such places—was a very dirty-faced and dirtily-dressed Jew, who smirked and rubbed his hands as quickly as the grime on them would allow.

Very little talking was necessary; for, on seeing Joe, old Isaacs knew well that he had a customer to deal with with whom it was useless to haggle.

So, in a very short space of time the elegant gentleman was transformed, in Isaacs' back parlor, into a dirty-looking and ragged-bearded a begging letter impostor as it ever was in one's power to clap eyes on.

Having paid the old Jew well, and after the exciting and unsuccessful visit to Leonard Fairfax's house, they returned to the little public house and entered the tap room once more.

"What have you done with your swell friend, Joe?" asked one of the men, who sat near the fire-place, not recognising in the dirty, ill dressed, shuffling man, who now came in, the elegant gentleman of half an hour before.

"Oh, he's hooked it," said Joe; "but here's money to drink with. He gave it to me to spend with you, my pals, for the good of the room."

"He's a right sort of covey," said the first speaker. "Well, now you've brought a pal, let's have a game of dominoes. Here's Lacker—he'll make one. Are you game?" he added, turning to Ray.

"Yes; that I am," he answered, in as unearthly a voice as he could assume. "What shall we play for?"

"A gallon of beer."

"All right then," said Desmond, raising his hand to his pocket.

The man who had addressed him seized it in a moment.

"You're trapped," he said, in a whisper; "and you will get murdered. Beggars don't wear diamond rings!"

Beneath his assumed dirt, Ray Desmond turned pale, and wrenching his hand away, saw that on his finger glistened a diamond worth fifty pounds.

"Give it me," said the man, peering at it with glistening eyes; "and I won't split."

"I can't give it you," said Ray, "because it's a present; but I'll give you a ten pound note if you'll wait a moment."

So saying, he slipped the ring off his finger and placed it in his pocket; while he withdrew from the

hiding place a rustling note, which he placed in the blackleg's hands.

The game of dominoes was hardly begun when John Marston entered, with two companions. He took a cursory glance round the room, and then sat down by the side of Running Joe. He was rather the worse for drink, and his face, always coarse, was now bloated than ever. He glanced somewhat uneasily at Desmond, whom he failed to recognise in his present disguise, and whispered to his old companion, [illegible] peculiar voice.

"Whom have you got here?" he asked Joe.

"You see what he is," said Joe. "He's all right, too. I know him!"

The man who had been spoken of as Locker had now to cease playing, as Joe [illegible] partner, had to pay attention to John Marston. Locker had thus abundant opportunities of looking [illegible] Ray's hand, and giving signs to his friend, which [illegible] he took advantage of to cheat most vigorously.

"One and twenty. I win!" cried the fortunate possessor of the ten [illegible] second note.

"No doubt!" said Ray, somewhat haughtily; "no doubt! Any one can win under similar circumstances!"

John Marston, drunk as he was, started when he heard the voice, and looked with a strange glance of recognition at the speaker. Desmond was engaged in getting his money out of his pocket, to pay the amount of which he had been cheated, and did not observe that Marston had noticed him.

Helped no attention, therefore, to the repeated looks which running Joe gave him beneath the table. He proposed, therefore, another game, an offer which Locker's friend gladly accepted. The chance of this game was, as regarded winning, a mere farce.

Of course, Ray Desmond paid no more attention to it than was necessary to avoid exciting suspicion, his whole thoughts being taken up with the conversation of Marston and Running Joe.

He could understand very little, however, for Marston, either through drunkenness or design, spoke hurriedly and disconnectedly, and presently rose abruptly and quitted the room.

"I think you're fooled," said Running Joe, leaning over the table, and whispering quickly. "Take my advice and hook it into the back yard, and if you see Marston coming in with any one, run straight out into the street. Now, then, be off, and don't forget my address."

Ray Desmond knew well that danger must be afloat, or Running Joe would not have given him such advice. Starting up, therefore, he hurried to the door and opened it. It was too late. Marston and two police constables stood without.

"Hillos!" said Marston, with a drunken assumption of sneering courtesy. "Allow me, gentlemen, to introduce to you Mr. Ray Desmond!"

The police constable looked rather doubtfully at the ragged and greasy dress of the man whom they had expected to see dressed in the height of fashion.

"Oh, never fear, that's your man!" said Marston. "You mustn't judge a man by his coat. I warrant he is togged out fine enough underneath. At any rate, I am prepared to swear it is he!"

"It is a mistake altogether," said Ray, in his disguised voice. "My name is Hushton. I am a poor man; and as for being togged out, you see how I am dressed. It's a difficult thing—"

"There, we don't want so much of that," said one of the policemen; "and if you are not Ray Desmond, why, you can easily prove that in the morning. If you're really what you say, a night's lodging will not do you any harm."

Remonstrance was useless. The police constables had a good case here, and they were not going to leave it. So, within half an hour Ray Desmond was lodged in a cell in the nearest police station.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BILLIARDS.

TWELVE GAMES BETWEEN RUDOLPHE AND FOSTER.

Last week we chronicled four French games of 63 points, for $20 a side, between these experts, three of which Rudolphe won. Since then they have played twelve games, four being for $25 a side and eight for $20, together with outside bets. Eight of these games were played upon a full-sized carom table at Foster's room. The table being a favorite one with Foster, he was enabled to win six games out of the eight. We give the scores of the games, preserving the order in which they were played:—

FIRST GAME.

Rudolphe.—4, 0, 6, 11, 0, 5, 8, 6, 0, 0, 3, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 1, 2, 1, 4, 4, 2, 4, 2, 2. Total, 47. Average about 2.

Rudolphe.—1, 2, 0, 1, 5, 1, 4, 3, 5, 2, 2, 0, 15, 0, 0, 0, 0, 2, 1, 0, 1, 1, 3, 0, 18. Total, 63. Average, 2½.

FIFTH GAME.

Rudolphe.—7, 5, 12, 0, 1, 2, 2, 2, 4, 4, 0, 3, 2, 3, 3. Total, 50. Average, 3⅓.

Foster.—0, 1, 6, 7, 12, 4, 0, 2, 11, 3, 3, 5, 1, 2, 5. Total, 63. Average, 4 1-5th.

SIXTH GAME.

Foster.—4, 2, 2, 1, 1, 7, 0, 5, 8, 1, 0, 2, 8, 12, 5, 4, 1, 4. Total, 63. Average, 3½.

Rudolphe.—4, 1, 3, 5, 1, 5, 2, 1, 1, 6, 1, 1, 1, 5, 1, 2, 2. Total, 63. Average, 3½.

SEVENTH GAME.

Rudolphe.—3, 0, 3, 2, 1, 13, 7, 0. Total, 41. Average, 5⅛.

Foster.—2, 22, 2, 1, 5, 20, 3, 1, 1. Total, 63. Average, 7.

EIGHTH GAME.

Foster.—5, 1, 13, 3, 6, 0, 2, 1, 1, 6, 12, 4, 5, 13. Total, 63. Average, 4½.

Rudolphe.—7, 3, 0, 2, 5, 4, 2, 16, 4, 5, 5, 6, 5. Total, 60. Average, 4⅘.

At the second meeting four games were played, a second-sized carom table being used. Two of the games were 300 points, with four balls, the push shot being barred; the others were "French," 63 points up. In one of the "four" ball games Foster was beaten about 200 points; the other one he won by the following score:—

Rudolphe.—27, 22, 26, 28, 28, 43, 7. Total, 203. Average, 29⅘.

Foster.—3, 21, 20, 12, 16, 17, 41. Total, 190. Average, within a fraction of 27.

The two French games resulted in favor of Foster, as indicated by the appended scores:—

Foster.—2, 3, 3, 5, 6, 4, 4, 0, 0, 5, 5. Total, 63. Average, 3⅘.

Rudolphe.—0, 0, 4, 5, 4, 0, 0, 4, 0, 0, 2. Total, 40. Average, 2½.

The next and concluding game was somewhat closer:—

Foster.—4, 4, 16, 7, 2, 17, 1, 1, 4, 2, 1, 2. Total, 63. Average, 5¼.

Rudolphe.—1, 4, 2, 13, 2, 1, 1, 1, 0, 0, 0, 0, 2. Total, 42. Average, 3½.

There is some likelihood of a match being made between these players, to consist of 300 points, French, and 1,500 of the push-barred game, each for $500 a side, and to take place in public.

EXHIBITION BY RUDOLPHE.—Taking advantage of the unusually large number of billiardists from afar who were in this city on the 3d inst., to wit, Mess. A. P. Rudolphe gave in the evening of that day an exhibition of his versatility as a player of regular billiards and as a manipulator of the ivories. After playing with Chris. O'Connor a French game of 50 points, in which he (Rudolphe) made a run of 34, and with Foster a French game of 25 and an American game of 100, Foster losing the first and winning the second, the French artist proceeded to execute a number of *masse* shots, as also a few trick shots with the cue. He next discarded the cue, and using the fingers, did such inexplicable things as to elicit enthusiastic applause. His wonderful shots it would be impossible to describe. In the variety of his performances he showed himself to be a thorough master of the art of billiards. His style of execution is rapid, graceful, and, above all, certain. He closed his performance by apparently converting two billiard balls into one, and afterwards separating them, making both disappear down his throat or somewhere else unknown to the lookers on. To sum up, he accomplished at this informal exhibition more than had ever been dreamt of in the philosophy of our own players, and in so doing made a decided impression. Among the gentlemen present were Michael and George Phelan, Philip Tieman and Julius Balke, of Cincinnati; Chris. O'Connor, Maurice Daley, Mattie Hewins, the Connecticut champion, Richard Kleeman, of Chicago; Frederick Grote, A. J. Bowen (of the *News*), Melvin Foster, B. Gammon (of the *Times*), Capt. James E. Boyle, Joseph O'Connor, of Guelph, C. W.; and "last though not by any means least"—in his own estimation—the CLIPPER representative. The exhibition was private, and designed solely for the edification of the above experts and critics. On the 9th inst. Mons. Rudolphe will give a public entertainment at Capt. Boyle's rooms, in which he will be assisted by Melvin Foster and others; and on the night of the 10th inst., he will, aided by John Deery, and like experts, give a similar exhibition at Chris. O'Connor's establishment on Fourteenth street.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF ILLINOIS.—VERMEULEN DEFEATED.—The champion cue, held for about a year past by Joseph Vermeulen, was wrested from him on the 2d inst., when, at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, he contended with Henry Rhines. The game was 1,500 points up, push shot barred, played with 2⅜ inch balls, on a Standard American second-size four-pocket table. At the commencement Vermeulen was slightly the favorite, and for the first two-thirds of the game everything betokened that he would win by a handsome majority. At one time he had a lead of nearly 500 points; but Rhines came with a rush towards the close, and, making other good runs of 164 and 211, won by 123. The summary recounts every other fact of any importance:—

CROSBY'S MUSIC HALL, Chicago, Sept. 2, 1868.—Match game of billiards, push shot barred, 1,500 points up, caroms, on a four-pocket table, between Henry Rhines and Joseph Vermeulen. Score—Rhines, 1,500; Vermeulen, 1,377. Highest runs—Rhines, 211; Vermeulen, 164. Time of game—3 hours and 38 minutes. Peter Snyder, referee.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF OHIO.—About the middle of next month there is to be a tournament for the championship of Ohio, at which the prizes will be a gold-mounted cue and $100 for the first, $150 for the second and $100 for the third. The games will be played on a standard American carom table of the second size, both push and crotch being barred. Any player resident of the State is privileged to compete. Entries should be addressed to Philip Tieman or Julius Balke, Cincinnati, which two gentlemen have been entrusted with the management of the tourney.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THREE TERRITORIES.—On the 7th inst. at Omaha, a tournament for the championship of Dakotah, Nebraska and Montana territories was to have been inaugurated. The first prize is a cue and the second a gold watch and chain. Pierre Carnse and John W. Coon are to play a series of exhibition games.

PLAYING IN MONTREAL.—On the 31st ult., at Montreal, the brothers Dion played a practice game of 1,000 points, Cyrille receiving, as usual, the odds of 400. There was a very fair attendance, and the playing was highly satisfactory, although the audience were not particularly demonstrative in their appreciation of the best shots. The match resulted in favor of Joe; Cyrille, however, playing with brilliancy. Joe's first large run was made on the 2d innings, and amounted to the handsome number of 530 points. He left the balls apparently very safe, but Cyrille scored and continued to do so until he had reached 221, when a hard shot was missed. In the sixth, seventh and eighth innings, Cyrille scored, respectively, 92, 61 and 32. Joe doing scarcely anything. Joe, in his ninth innings, made 128, leaving him at 660. In his next he ran the game out, scoring 316, and winning by 115 points. The score:—

Cyrille.—3, 8, 221, 27, 0, 92, 61, 33, 15, 21, 400—885. Average, 48⅓.

Joe.—8, 530, 0, 2, 20, 0, 2, 0, 128, 310—1,000. Average, 100.

ALL SORTS.—Joseph Dion was to have left Montreal on the 8th instant to play his match for $500 a side with John McDevitt. It is to take place in Chicago on the 16th. There is no betting anywhere except in Chicago, and very little there. ..... The match at Long Branch for $100 a side, between Butler and Bernard, did not take place on the 2d instant, as had been promised. It is off. The fault was Butler's. ..... Also off, the match for $250 a side, between Deery and Foster. Another has been made, however, for the same amount, to be played in public. The only other difference is a change of backers on one side. ..... Philip Tieman and wife arrived here from Cincinnati on the 1st inst. They are now at Shrewsbury, the guests of Michael Phelan. ..... The fall billiard season opens briskly, and matches promise to be abundant. ..... The most important spoken of is a series of games between the best six players in Chicago and an equal number selected from New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 12 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,660 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS must hand in their favors before 60 o'clock on Monday morning, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

SOCIAL.—1. In a game of base ball there is a man on third base and one on second; the latter, not seeing the batsman third, runs to third; the pitcher of the opposite club pitched a ball while the man on second was running, and the ball went a great distance behind the catcher; the man on third held his base while the man on second, after touching third base, ran back to his second, he not being touched with the ball before he got there. Was the man on third forced off by the man on second, or could the man on third be put out by being touched with the ball after the man on second got back to his base? The umpire said that neither of the players was out. Was that a right decision? 2. Suppose a fly ball was knocked this side of first base (between first and catcher's position), the first baseman keeps his foot on the base and stretches out and catches the ball on a fly. Was not that a fair fly? 3. The first baseman held the ball and touched his base, thereby making a double play, as there was a man on first when the ball was struck, and he started for second, but could not get back in time. The umpire decided both out. Was not that a right decision?.....1. The umpire was right. 2. Yes. 3. The umpire was right again.

D. W. T., Cincinnati.—The game between the Cincinnati and Buckeye Clubs, of this city, was played under protest, the former club protesting against Berthrong, a member of the National Club, of Washington, D. C., and of Shields, a member of some other club, who were presented by the Buckeyes. The Cincinnati Club won. Now what I wish to know is, does the protest in any way affect bets made upon the game, and if so, in what way? It is claimed that, in case the game should not be allowed to count in the averages of the winning club, it would not be a game within the meaning of the rules, and all bets would be off.....The fact of the Buckeyes playing Berthrong and Shields does not affect bets on the game.

W. F. H., Cincinnati.—1. Did Hatfield, of Cin. B. B. C., join the Buckeyes? 2. Was the game on the 31st ult., between the Athletics and the Atlantics a draw? 3. When does the Union play with the Athletic? 4. Is a player out when a ball is in the pitcher's hands and the player starts from the first to run to second base, when the pitcher throws to first, and the player runs back to first, and is not touched with the ball? 5. Is George Wright going to join the Cin. B. B. C.?....2. No. 2. No. 3. Some time this month. 4. No. 5. Not that we know of.

ALEX.—"In a game of euchre, three players, does a euchre mean two points or three? 2. When four play a game, if one plays it alone, and one of his opponents plays alone against him, how many points can his opponent claim if he takes three tricks, and how many if he takes five?" 1. Two points only. 2. The player who took the responsibility of the trump had the right to go alone; the other had not. If the former was euchred his adversary scores two points only, no matter whether he took three or five tricks.

CORRESPONDENT, Pittsburgh.—A referee can only act in the event of a disagreement of the judges. Should both judges agree, then the referee has nothing to say in the matter, except clear proof is adduced of corruption on their part. Mere suspicion of such corruption by the referee is not sufficient; there must be clear evidences of it.

GARDEN.—Mad. Methus Scheller produced the same piece at the Winter Garden on March 28th, 1864. It was called "Lorlie's Wedding," and was an adaptation by Augustin Daly. Mad. Scheller played Lorlie; Mrs. Chanfrau, Barbel; Mrs. Floyd, the Countess; Hagan, Reinhard; A. H. Davenport, Christopher; and Mr. Morris, the Professor.

FRANK, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. The time made by the Ward brothers in their four-oared six mile race at Springfield, Mass., last year was 39:28, winning by over 500 yards. They pulled five miles at Sing Sing, Sept. 25, 1865, in 33 min. 5 secs. 2. Josh Ward is accredited with having pulled five miles in 35:10. 3. Diet yourself and take exercise morning and evening.

OLD SLEUTH, Cincinnati.—"In dealing the cards in a game of euchre, has the dealer the privilege of dealing three cards to the players and two to himself, or two to the players and three to himself on either round?".....No; as he commences so he must continue until all are served alike.

KITCHEL, Canandaigua.—"A bets B that the Olympic B. B. C. will beat the Auburn Club. It is further agreed between A and B that unless the game is played out the bet shall be drawn. The clubs play and the umpire calls the game at the end of the fifth innings on account of rain. The Olympics score 27, the Auburns 13. Does A win or is the bet drawn?".....The bet is drawn according to agreement.

F. M. M.—"A wager was laid on the number of points there ought to be on a four pocket billiard table, 84 or 80. I held that it was a 100 point table. The decision is left to the CLIPPER. .....Local custom governs in this matter. Not knowing the custom in your part of the country, we cannot undertake to decide.

DEACON ESTES, Lynn.—Seward was credited in London sporting papers of that time as having run 100 yards in nine seconds, but as it could not be properly authenticated, it was taken off the record, and the best authenticated time, 9¼ seconds, substituted. As you were both correct, in a measure, we would advise, under the circumstances, that the money be drawn.

E. G. W., Natchez.—The player forfeits two points only when his ball goes into the pocket after caroming on a white and red ball, with two exceptions, viz., If in leading he first strikes the red and then pockets himself off his opponent's ball, and again, if his ball has frozen to a red and caroms on a white and red, he then loses three points.

MASON, Cambridge.—1. Provided you could secure the position, you had better engage in a traveling company as singing chambermaid. 2. About twenty dollars a week, board and travelling expenses, with a first class troupe. 3. It is never too late to learn.

HUMBLE READER, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Wormald and O'Baldwin were matched in England, but forfeit was declared against the latter. Public opinion exonerated O'B. from all blame, and it was generally looked upon as a put up job on him. 2. Hennan.

JACOB HESS.—The New Stadt Theatre will seat and hold more persons than the Academy of Music. The former can crowd in nearly 5,000, while 4,200 is the largest number ever known to crowd within the walls of the Academy.

J. M. D. ALLAS Sport, Norwich, Conn.—1. You don't state whether by man or beast. 2. At cribbage, when the cards are played in the following order—six, four, five and tray—the party playing the tray is entitled to four for his sequence.

MUTUAL, Meadville.—"Some of the boys have got into a dispute as to which is the best score, 8 outs and 5 runs, or 4 outs and 6 runs. We leave it to you."..... Four outs and 6 runs is the best score.

S., Indianapolis.—There are no pictures of him on sale in this city, nor do we know of any one who has got one. Write to Susan Denin; perhaps she can enlighten you.

H. W. F., Titusville, Pa.—There are nine of the Ward brothers, viz.: Hank, Josh, Charley, Gil, George, Ellis, Ben, John, and James.

BASE BALL, Cincinnati.—1. Fisher, of the Buckeyes, is so considered by many. 2. Start has the repute of being at the head of his class.

KEYSTONE.—The game was decided by the score of the last even innings, and there being a tie at that time, it is a drawn game.

P. J. M., Boston, Mass.—Tom Sayers' first recorded fight was with Aby Crouch, whom he beat in 12 min. 28 sec., for £5 a side.

H. Mc. V., New Orleans, La.—We know nothing of the parties personally, but have no reason to doubt their honesty. We have as yet received no complaints.

N. F. H., Worcester.—In poker, if the dealer turns a card in dealing the player must take it; but if he is helping the cards, and it is exposed, the player can refuse it.

VERITAS, Richmond, Va.—As the communication to which yours refers was authenticated by the writer's name, we cannot give publicity to one not signed by a responsible name.

SIXTH WARD.—1. The sheriff of New York is elected for three years. 2. He can run twice in succession for the same office.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—They are both considered the best by different parties, and as each has his admirers, we cannot decide, as it is a matter of opinion altogether.

HARD BALL.—Gladiateur ran one mile and 17 yards in 1 minute 39 seconds, at Newmarket, Eng. This is the fastest time upon record.

PITTSBURGH.—We cannot decide your bet. If you make wagers on what is not recognised as a legitimate game of cards, you must make your own rules also.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—Pettingill & Co., Newspaper Advertising Agency, Park row, this city, can furnish you with them.

FERDDIE, Skewhegan.—1. See our dramatic summary. 2. We do not know of any one in this city that could furnish you with what you require.

O. S. G., Watertown.—Joe Pentland is still alive and residing in this city. He informed us five months ago that he had quit the ring for good.

J. F. J., Philadelphia.—The company was expected to be in California about September 1st.

R. C. D., Pittsburgh.—William Leak and Anna Waite are at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind.

VENTRILOQUIST.—He is not travelling with any company at present.

A. S., Philadelphia.—1. He is at present in this city. 2. The troupe travel this season through the West.

ROVER, Canton.—C is wrong; A can make his blind good and raise it before the cards are helped.

B. D., Chelsea.—The best work on the subject is "Youatt on the Horse," obtainable through any bookseller.

E. H. R., Sedalia, Mo.—1. Collyer and Aaron fought twice. 2 No.

C. P. E.—Write to Alfred Woodham, whose advertisement will be found in another column.

BOAT CLUB, Memphis, Tenn.—Address David Banks, Jr., Com. Hudson A. R. Association, care of this office.

DICKSON, Norfolk.—Five lines; 75 cents for each week, or $7.80 for three months, payable in advance.

AGATE, Rochester.—We shall be glad to hear from you. See elsewhere.

C. R. H., Philadelphia.—1. It is said that Smith did not play, owing to the illness of his father. 2. The same.

ST. LOUIS.—Consult a regular physician, and if you obey his advice you may be made whole again.

J. A. S., St. Louis.—We have not heard from the company since they were in Grand Rapids on the 1st inst.

W. C. M.—He went out with the company for several weeks, but returned to this city about two months ago.

TIM HUSSEY.—Write to your brother James, care of CLIPPER.

FOUR READERS.—The ace of hearts may be "re-niged" in all cases except when the five or knave is led.

S. R., Watertown, N. Y.—They were not allowed to assist their man beyond a certain mark drawn around the corners.

L. R. D., Memphis, Tenn.—Drop a line to Chas. A. Peverelly, care of this office.

NOVICE, Philadelphia, Pa.—Call upon Abe Hicken, 644 South street, your city.

FRED., Philad'a.—We know nothing about that concern; our impression is that it never came to a "drawing."

DAYTON.—Collyer and Aaron did fight twice, Sam winning the first time, and Barney the next.

DEXTER.—A can take the two sixes on the board, and prevent B building on them.

COOLEY, Chicago.—A wins; Dexter's best recorded time is 2:17½. Private time does not go on the record.

J. R. T., Washington, D. C.—The trump having been made, you cannot claim a new deal.

A. R. P., Philad'a.—As the concern is seldom seen, we will not give the person the benefit of a notice.

LITTLE FRIEND.—Yes, by all means; let your little notes come as often as you may have the time and inclination to write them.

G. W. M., Auburn.—C having failed to turn it, A loses the wager.

F. H. S. AND C. P.—The united scores being 27, the party who bet that 25 runs would not be made, lost.

SECOND NINE, St. Louis, Mo.—The run counts.

W. B., St. Louis, Mo.—See answer to R. and B.

THE RIGHT SET.—The boys in one of the Fall River grammar schools have presented the girls of the same school with a handsome croquet *set*, and of course the girls *set* the donors down as a generous *set*.

IRON CITY, Pittsburgh.—The Athletics of Philadelphia were never champions.

RAILROAD, Cheyenne.—Lotta never played the "French Spy," W. F. B., Boston.—Fifty-two numbers complete a volume.

J. E. J., Vicksburg, Miss.—Fleta Temple still lives.

A. McC., Tarboro, N. C.—With our next issue.

OLYPHANT.—Flora Temple's fastest time was 2:19¾.

DEACON, Lynn.—They are man and wife.

THE CASE OF THAT "WICKED" MAN.

If it really prove true that John Allen, the dance house keeper, surnamed "The Wickedest Man in New York," has been persuaded into a reliable and permanent reformation, the philanthropist performing this good work cannot be too highly commended, for in bringing this heretofore obdurate man to the light of reason they have triumphed not only over an individual, but have entered upon the vindication of a principle. In the conversion of Allen—if he be really repentant, and not affected by a sudden and unstable access of passion—they have taken a first step in the right direction towards the eradication of an evil which we were tempted to believe had taken too deep a root to be removed through application of moral suasion. And in persuading the man Allen to assist in an inaugural movement towards uprooting posthouses of whose virulence none can have a graver conception than himself, a victory has been achieved before which prize-ring work pales into insignificance. It has thereby shown itself to be philanthropy applied with a practical directive force; as through his example, sustained by that energy attributed to him, others—his neighbors and business associates—may be (reluctantly, it may prove) induced to see the error of their ways. The closing of even a solitary one of these graveyards for the human soul, to a measure, abates a moral pestilence.

The effect of an entrance within the portals of a low dancing den upon the female future is graphically portrayed in one of Cruikshank's inevitable cartoons illustrating the downward progress of the drunkard's children. No one can gaze upon that picture without conceiving a holy horror at the the enormity of such establishments. If a mere pen and pencil sketch, faint reproduction of naked reality, can produce such powerful effect, how much more potent the experience of reality itself.

It is not to be presumed that the good effects of Allen's example will be manifested immediately; on the contrary, unless he be encouraged by the countenance of all interested in the mission movement, and maintained steadfast in the good resolve to which he has obligated himself, there exists more than one chance that he may relapse into his former wickedness. Those emancipated with the nature of the locality wherein he exerted a potent sway for evil during many long years, or with the dangerous tendencies thereabout, can have but a faint idea of the powerful influences which will, undoubtedly, be brought to bear upon the man by those of his previous associates whose cupidity has been touched by his action. Ridicule, sarcasm and proscription, are Herculean weapons when exerted by ignorant men upon those with whom they have been in communion for years; yet, if such resources be ineffectually exhausted, the reaction of their failure can be successfully employed to bring those using them to a sense of their own wickedness.

Now, Allen, in the few remarks made to his mission friends when a recipient of their congratulations, showed a deeper insight into human nature than his advisers. He said: "I cannot do good right away; I'll have a hard time of it." And Allen is right, for he has been a strong man in Gath and does not under-estimate the influence of his enemies, who are to be won over by example and not mere precept. And as this one man is the example, the necessity of encouraging him to steadfastness must be manifest. The low dance house evil is among those moral iniquities which can only be repressed through moral suasion, as it is beyond legislative excommunication. To reach it you must go to the fountain-head and deal with the dance house keepers through one of their own class. Rest assured that the example of Allen will be followed at the end of the year by at least one disciple, and from that time forth the number of converts will augment in geometrical progression, provided always the pioneers remain in the cause, for these men are the virtual preachers in this new crusade to whom city missionaries should be regarded as moral auxiliaries. It is the work of Allen and men of his class to convert their brethren, while the missionaries can follow in the track by them beaten by attending to the social elevation of those converted.

We confess we have very little confidence in the manner in which mission work has been prosecuted among the lower, or rather the infamous classes of society, simply because the men directing it have rarely been practical through experience. For instance, make a case from this Allen, presuming him to have remained in his original wickedness. Presume furthermore that by some mission miracle every woman has been taken from his dancing den, and how long does any rational man believe that his establishment would remain unreplenished? Why not a month's time; and then with fresh victims ready to start on the road to death; for these poor creatures, like articles of merchandise, are bartered and sold, and the supply will be rendered equal to the demand even if nefarious means are resorted to. Now reverse the case, as has been done with Allen, and as Allen proposes to do with his former associates, and an estimate can be readily made as to the superiority of a scheme based upon practical views. And beside, until the creation of some harbor of refuge for the emancipated of these dancing dens, of some place where they can be cleansed and purified before re-emerging, covered with moral contagion, into the world which they long to rejoin but by which they are forever proscribed, of what really practical use would be the exode of a myriad of forlorn females temporarily raised from shame only to fall back into a lower depth?

While admitting the energy and activity of city missions for works in conjunction with asylums and houses of refuge, and the good benefits annually brought about through their instrumentality, we regard as Quixotic the prosecution of schemes touching the reformation of moral felons, unless committed into the hands of men who possess influence over the particular class to be affected. A convert from this class is oftentimes made, received with open arms to fellowship, pampered, it may be, with adulation, and then suddenly countenance is withdrawn from him, so that, through motives of injured pride, he grows callous to a cause which he once advocated with honest earnestness. This virtual defection carries with it the loss of the convert's influence over his former associates, who naturally cite his example as evidence of a desire to return to his prior condition.

There is another objectionable feature in the conduct of indiscriminate benefactions, which, as experience demonstrates, serves to repel many who might be induced to join in a reformatory movement, and that is, the insisting upon sectarian religion as a prevailing element. Prayer meetings, tract distributions, are all very excellent auxiliaries to a confirmed morality, but with persons notoriously religious outlaws, and who have habitually learned to despise the observance of Christian ceremonials, assuredly a resort to clerical ministration cannot be recommended as an initiatory means of weaning scoffers from practices of positive immorality. Substitute for religious harangues plain matter of fact admonitions, common sense discourses delivered in an agreeable, attractive manner, and the moral sense of even the most hardened of sinners can be gradually reached. But above all things let not enthusiasm run away with reason, for it rarely occurs that one carried away by a momentary excitement remains long faithful to a principle embraced while under a perturbated condition of mind. Reformation, under ordinary circumstances, to be certain and final, is accomplished by rational degrees, otherwise it is imperilled by the first temptation.

POLITICAL COURTESIES.—How pleasing it is to see the opposing political parties in this city going into the fight "with malice toward none, and charity for all." It was only last week, when the news of the Vermont election and the nomination of John T. Hoffman was received here, that both parties, in the spirit of brotherly love, vied with each other in celebrating those events by flinging the "flaunting flag" to the breeze and firing festive *feu de joies* at the cannon's mouth. Such well-timed harmony is in striking contrast with the actions of political parties in the west, where one editor gracefully styles an opponent a "swill-headed chunk," while the "chunk" gives the retort courteous by calling his antagonist a "pandemoniac paste pot cut throat!" Verily, those gentlemen are having words together, and brothers Greeley and Pomeroy must look to their laurels.

THE CHINESE call going to law, "losing a cow to win a calf," but a law suit about a calf in Kansas, which occurred lately, beats the adage all hollow, and throws "Ericson's bull" completely in the shade. It appears that two men out there paid $800 in costs of court and lawyers' fees before they could get judgment on the ownership of a calf worth seven dollars! The two *calves* must have been awfully cowed at the sight of their bills.

GRIEVOUS CHARGE.—Passing the Tombs the other day we noticed a crowd of men and boys pushing their way toward that ancient pile, following an officer who had a man in charge, whom he had arrested. Not wishing to "go in," we inquired of an industrious archin, who had just wormed himself out of the crowd, what the man had been arrested for. "Suicide, I believe," says the little reprobate, without a smile on his infamous countenance.

JESS SO.—"Our Jim" went to church last Sabbath, as he always does once in a while, and heard the minister exclaim:—"All is *hollow!*" James eyed a fashionably dressed lady coming up the aisle, and then thoughtfully added:—"Jined with a little (*w*)*hoop!*"

AN EATING HORSE proprietor has been detected serving up stake pie, to his customers, made of cats. It's a *puss-lamineux* trick, because his thus serving of *puss, ill animaux-ity* arouses against him in the *hearts* of those whose *stomachs* have thus been cheated.

A MAN named Aaron Bell fell overboard at Philadelphia, the other day, and would have been drowned but for the intervention of a bystander, who rescued him. *Bell was ringing* wet when brought to the shore.

THERE is another city besides Boston you should visit if you wish to be *bored*, and that is Tuscany.

A BULLY FAMILY.—Mrs. Bull, mother of Ole Bull, is still living. She must be an old Bull, too, by this time.

UNDER THE GASLIGHT.

Wills was something of a philosopher when he wrote the lines,

"You may talk of your moonlight rambles
With nobody hearing near,
But give me a sly flirtation
'Neath the light of a chandelier,"—

or "words to that effect." And present appearances would indicate that a great many people whose sentiments [illegible] sing are of the same opinion. The term "Under the Gaslight," becomes employed as the title of a sensation drama, should not necessarily be applied exclusively to those phases of life which are consulted by writers in search of types of immorality. More than one fertile pen has delighted to depict the miseries concentrated by abuse of custom within the gaslight's glow, but we are inclined upon the whole to regard it as a much maligned institution. Doubtless there may be much to disturb the equanimity of those whose personal efforts have placed them in the enjoyment of comfortable homes, in the scenes that transpire in the streets and purlieus after nightfall, but then is there not also, in spite of those drawbacks which human ingenuity cannot prevent, a vast amount of harmless recreation and enjoyment? Are the thousands who toil from daylight till dusk to be told that they must consume the intervening hours in drudgery or sleep merely because these hours are abused by classes which, in fact, abuse all hours alike and are not to be regulated? If it had not been for occasional frolics beneath the gaslight, of the kind commemorated in rhyme, what would have become of some hundreds of our festive youth who are at present the life of many a social circle, and may live to be transformed into the pillars of society, and especially the coquettish belles who display their manifold charms in the magical atmosphere of a thousand ball rooms? Blessed be the man that invented gas! A week or two hence you shall see dozens of popular resorts in full glow, and halls and theatres innumerable filled with the young, the gay and the fair, hearkening to sweet sounds from the inspired brain of an Offenbach or a Rossini, or tripping it lightly to the melody of Strauss. Others again will throng the concert rooms and museums, or prefer the scenes where the knights of the billiard cue resort in throngs. We can steer direct for those halls of dazzling light where gentlemen of portly presence and an air that smacks of Rhineland drink stock beer to the music of piano and violin, or where humble imitators of Lingard and Taylor sing comic songs with a gusto that never fails to set the tables in a roar. And, by the way, we have heard at these *al fresco* entertainments, which are not favored by the notices of the press, some vocalization which, with the acting, would not disgrace the boards of a full fledged theatre. Wherever the gaslight is, you will be sure to find the greatest amount of enjoyment and the largest stock of fun for your money. Not only would our social pleasures lose all their zest without it, but we should miss half the sport afforded us by the antics of clown and pantaloon—two personages now as indispensible to the juveniles and adults as are the very air we breathe and the food that we live by. Even ice creams would lose their relish without the aid of gaslight, and champagne would as certainly lose half its sparkle. *Out of* the gaslight would obviously be the most appropriate title for a drama dealing in murder and mystery, scenes of human suffering and sin.

BORN UNDER AN EVIL STAR.

The man who was born under an evil destiny is around. Although he assumes a great variety of disguises he carries about him certain ear marks by which we know him to be the same. He is the chap who occasionally takes a little chance at faro, and, being beaten to the tune of fifty dollars or so, ("just his luck," you know!) turns round and sues the dealer—and loses invariably again, as the mean-spirited cuss richly deserves. This species is represented by numerous examples. Sometimes he is a "respectable farmer from Binghamton," who, having "come it over" somebody in trade, thinks he can do the same by "bucking the tiger," but means in any case to make a sure thing of it. Ten chances to one but next he will come across a "patent bull" operation, and lose a hundred more on the principle of "now you see it, now you don't." It would be just his luck! He hears how his rich neighbor, Deacon Pillsbury, made a small fortune by a sudden rise in Pottawattamie bonds, and invests his pile therein. Pottawattamie goes down to zero, and our model confidence man is ruined. It is just his luck! But the untoward result does not prevent him from repeating the experiment. He gets up a frantic enthusiasm for politics and runs for office (being assured by his friends that he has only to bleed freely to make a sure thing of it) against a rival who has not paid anything at all. Loses, of course. It is just his luck! Bets on "the favorite" at the races, said favorite having previously beaten all his opponents in every encounter. Sure thing! All the best judges coincide with him, but bet on the opposite. The favorite comes in last, and he loses. Just his luck! If he goes to the theatre to see a new piece, the principal performer is always indisposed (to appear) and he has his trouble for nothing. Just his luck! He subscribes for a newspaper in advance, and it "bursts up" after the second number. Just his luck! If he goes fishing it never fails to blow up a rain storm, or the fish have gone to some other ground in search of feed. The yacht he bets on comes out last in the race. Tried his fortune on the Sappho in the last English regatta, because the America won the victory before. Loses, as usual. Such a thing was never known before the Atlantic cable. He is the same individual who competes for the prize of five hundred dollars for the best novel of eighteen hundred pages for the *Literary Swillsplasher*, and is always being "respectfully declined" by the editor, whom he discovers to be a person of no appreciation. He has invested in all sorts of lotteries, but never got back a dollar—although the newspapers have cited so many remarkable instances of how fortunes have been scattered. Yet there is Fagman, the brilliant writer, and Feeblewit, the clergyman out of a "sit," who were reported to have drawn great prizes; the same hole is still visible in Fagman's elbow, and Feeblewit's coat is getting more rusty than ever. He once aspired to be an actor, but the stupid public wouldn't appreciate him, and every application for an engagement was rejected. He has been refused by every young woman to whom he has offered his hand, and, in fact, slips up in everything he undertakes—for isn't it just his luck? He is now occasionally to be met with in his favorite bar-room, leaning over the counter with the inevitable glass of fourth-proof in his hand. When last seen he was standing at the corner of Ann street and the Row, waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up. He had been sold out by the sheriff. Just his luck!

BASE BALL PRIZES.—The CLIPPER gold ball and gold medals, to be competed for in the championship games now going on, are on exhibition in the window of Browne and Spalding's establishment, N. E. corner of Broadway and Prince streets.

Sporting Squibs.

— Sharks, to the number of 150, have been caught in Rhode Island waters this year. No place for a swim.

— A party of burglars were recently run down and captured by two Paris sports on velocipedes.

— A sport from Peru brought $200,000 with him to back his operations at Saratoga this season. Wonder if he'll take all the pile back with him?

— Brook trout are being successfully reared in ponds by Mr. James Campbell, in Washington county, Ind. He has about 10,000 fine speckled trout in four ponds, weighing a pound each, or more.

— A new sort of horse shoe has been invented by a Frenchman, said to be much better and easier for the poor equines' soles than the old style.

— A locomotive ran away at Johnstown, Pa., recently, and bursted one of its steam chests. It went at fearful speed down hill and annihilated

to play the Cincinnatis, but failed to come to time.....Hatfield denies having joined the Buckeye Club, and the whole matter will turn out, in all probability, a tempest in a teapot, though the Red Stockings thereby lost his assistance in the late match for the western championship.....The following is a calendar of the principal games:—Mechanics vs. Phœnix, 23 to 9; I. X. L. vs. Crescent, 39 to 29; Hickory vs. Pastime, 34 to 29; Morgan vs. Licking Valley (of Covington), 24 to 22; Pleasant Ridge vs. Avondale, 12 to 17; Enterprise vs. Lively (of Mount Auburn), 14 to 8.

RESOLUTE vs. BALTIC.

A match game was played on the 30th ult., between the Resolute and Baltic clubs of St. Louis. The game was ended at the seventh innings by a heavy rain storm, with the Baltic nine runs behind. Grace and Pugh, of the Resolute, made a good double play in the first innings, Grace taking Donnelly on the fly, and fielding to Pugh in time to put Duddy out at first. In the second innings Pugh put out the same two men on a like play, single handed. The following is the score:—

RESOLUTE.	H.L.	R.	BALTIC.	H.L.	R.
Creamer, 2d b	2	5	Welsh, 1st b	3	1
O'Brien, c	2	5	Manning, c f	2	4
Riegel, r f	1	5	Nash, 1 f	2	3
Killen, 1 f	3	5	Duddy, s s	1	3
Chambers, p	0	5	Donnelly, 2d b	3	2
Carroll, c f	4	1	Delargay, 3d b	2	3
Pugh, 1st b	1	4	Gorman, c	2	3
Grace, 3d b	5	3	King, p	0	2
Williard, s s	3	1	Atherton, r f	1	3
Total	32		Total		25

Clean score—Chambers, of the Resolute. Flies caught—Resolute—Grace, 2; Pugh, 2; O'Brien, 2. Baltic—Gorman, 3; Delargay, 1; Welsh, 1. Home runs—Chambers, of the Resolute. Umpire—Mr. Cooney, of the Empire.

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Buckeye	5	10	21	3	6	3	5	2	—55
Columbia	0	0	0	0	8	0	1	0	—5

LIVE OAK VS. CINCINNATI RESERVE.—On the same afternoon the Live Oak first nine were beaten by the Reserve nine of the Cincinnatis, the score standing 36 to 27.

ATHLETIC vs. UNION, OF CAMDEN.

The first of a new series of games between these clubs was played on the 5th inst. The Athletic nine was differently placed from what it usually is—Al. Reach playing third base, Foran second base and Berry right field. Foran, after playing second a few innings, went to right field, in consequence of hurting himself, and Berry took the second. Cuthbert and Radcliff also exchanged positions. Al. Reach played third base very well, but the other changes did not seem to work very advantageously. Below we give the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.	UNION.	H.L.	R.
Reach, 3d b	6	5	Fackler, c	3	3
McBride, p	1	6	Horner, 1st b	1	4
Radcliff, c	4	4	Alcot, 1 f	7	0
Wilkins, s s	3	4	Bonsall, 2d b	2	4
Fisler, 1st b	0	7	Sweasy, 2d b	3	2
Hayhurst, c f	1	6	Setley, s s	3	3
Foran, 2d b	3	5	Johnson, c f	3	4
Cuthbert, 1 f	1	6	Radcliff, p	1	4
Berry, r f	3	3	Doyle, p	3	3
Total		47	Total		34

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	4	3	3	2	7	11	0	12	5—47
Union	4	3	1	1	5	2	1	5	3—34

Fly catches—Reach, 3; Fisler, 2; Foran, 1; Wilkins, 1; Radcliff, 1; total, 8. Berwein, 1; Johnson, 1; Doyle, 1; total, 3. Umpire—Mr. Halbach, of the Geary. Scorers—Messrs. Hollahan and Reed.

BUCKEYE vs. COLUMBIA.

On Saturday, the 5th, the Columbia Club, of Columbia, O., played the Buckeyes in Cincinnati. Leonard, of the latter, was sick and did not play. Shindle, of the Nationals, who came on with Berthrong and Shields, of the Jeffersons, from Washington, played in his stead. Sweasey caught after the fifth innings, Berthrong playing second. The game was too one sided to be very interesting, but there was some good batting done on both sides. S. Wratten, of the Columbia, played well, as did Fobes. The others have plenty of room to improve. We append the score of the first eight innings, the ninth not being finished in time for the mail:—

BUCKEYE.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	COLUMBIA.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Sweazey, 2d b	4	6	0	4	Harmon, p	4	0	0	3
Hurley, 3d b	4	6	0	2	S. Wratten, s s	2	2	0	0
Studley, 1 f	3	6	1	1	Burd, c	4	2	0	0
Berthrong, c	3	6	0	1	W. Totten, 1st b	3	1	0	0
Doyle, 1st b	1	8	0	0	Fobes, r f	1	2	1	1
Brookshaw, s s	0	7	2	1	C. Totten, 2d b	2	0	2	2
Shields, r f	4	4	1	1	Nesbitt, 3d b	2	0	0	0
McMullen, p	2	6	1	1	A. Wratten, c	1	2	0	1
Fisher, c	3	6	0	0	Brooks, l f	2	0	0	1
Totals	21	55	5	12	Totals	24	5	3	9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Buckeye	5	10	21	3	6	3	5	2	—55
Columbia	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	0	—5

LIVE OAK VS. CINCINNATI RESERVE.—On the same afternoon the Live Oak first nine were beaten by the Reserve nine of the Cincinnatis, the score standing 36 to 27.

SILVER BALL MATCH.

On the 1st inst. a match game for the silver ball and the championship of the State of Maryland was played at Baltimore between the Maryland and Enterprise Clubs, of Baltimore, resulting in a victory for the latter club, as follows:—

MARYLAND.	H.L.	R.	ENTERPRISE.	H.L.	R.
Hooper, r f	0	4	Galliker, c f	6	3
Wilson, 1st b	3	2	Goldsmith, c	4	4
Price, p	3	2	Chenoweth, r f	1	7
Annan, 2d b	0	3	Braden, 3d b	2	4
Keerl, c	5	0	Mincher, 1 f	2	4
Hazlehurst, s s	2	3	Wachtel, 1st b	3	3
Worthington, c f	3	2	Bowers, p	1	6
Lilly, 3d b	1	4	Fitzsimmons, s s	1	3
Armstrong, l f	1	4	Yearving, 3d b	2	3
Total		15	Total		36

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Maryland	3	5	0	3	2	0	1	1	2—15
Enterprise	6	5	3	3	4	2	2	10	0—36

Scorers—Messrs. Clinton S. Birch and Charles E. Flinder.

THE UNION, JR., of St. Louis, went over to Belleville, Ill., on Aug. 26th, in quest of a victim, and caught a Tartar in the Bluff of that town, the Bluffs beating them by a score of 19 to 2.....The Empire and Missouri, Junior, clubs played a match on the 30th ult., on Resolute's old grounds. The game, throughout was closely contested. The score was:—Empire Jr., 21; Missouri, Jr., 18.....The Stonewall and Excelsior clubs played a match game on the 30th, with the following result:—Excelsior, Jr., 24; Stonewall, 22.

THE ALPHA CLUB, of Reading, Pa., paid a visit to Pottstown, on the 29th ult., and played a match with the Seminoles, of that place, beating them by a score of 33 to 26.

AN UNION MATCH.—On the 28th ult., the Pastimes, of Norfolk, Va., beat the Virginians, of Portsmouth, by a score of 30 to 16.

DAVID BROSIE, late pitcher of the Allegheny Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has seceded from that organization and returned to his first love, the Atlantics, of same place. The accession has materially strengthened the latter, which, in six games played this season, has lost but one.

THE NATIONAL GAME OF CANADA.—An excursion took place to Como, on the Ottawa river, Canada, on the 2d inst., at which village a match was played between the Young Montreal Club, of Montreal, and the St. Andrews Club, of St. Andrews. The former won three straight games in 9.20 and 70 minutes.

THE RING.

JOE WORMALD vs. NED O'BALDWIN.

A MEETING BETWEEN THEM AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

OLD WOUNDS REOPENED.

It has been expected that something out of the customary run of things would transpire upon the meeting of those old rivals, Ned O'Baldwin and Joe Wormald, between whom it is evident a bitter feeling of enmity exists. That they would meet, and though nothing serious has occurred, as it was anticipated by many there would, it came within an ace of it. O'Baldwin arrived in the city from his western trip on Thursday, and at once repaired to his friend and backer, Felix Larkin's place, corner of West and Charlton streets. Here he chanced to meet a man whom he had known beyond the seas, and shortly afterward they became involved in an altercation, when Ned, very much excited, struck the other, who immediately rushed at him, with the intention of grasping him by the legs, when the Giant, with a well directed upper cut with the left, "settled" him instanter, although in doing so he cut his knuckles severely by coming in contact with the teeth of his opponent—so much so that it shortly after swelled very much and became exceedingly painful, as it is at present. On Friday morning he dropped into Bob Smith's place, where Joe Wormald, who, not desiring any ill feeling, though he may have entertained such, reached out his hand to him, but O'Baldwin turned away, refusing to "shake." This public affront, of course, greatly incensed Joe, and some hot words passed between them, things looking very squally for a time, but that was the extent of it. On Saturday morning Wormald, in company with a prominent New Yorker, took a walk down to the English steamer, and on the way called in at Larkin's. From there they went to a saloon not far away, and while they were standing at the bar, in came O'Baldwin, Larkin and several others. High words and backhanded compliments were speedily bandied between the rivals, originating in their match on the other side, during which Wormald said he understood that Ned had said that he could whip him in half an hour—on the contrary he didn't believe he could whip him at all. This brought on allusions to things past and gone, Wormald repeating all he had previously said in the matter of Waterford to his face, asking him if he did not "do for him with the gloves and make his nose bleed," and if he didn't "do all the man O'Baldwin fought," which being facts in black and white, Ned did not deny. O'Baldwin said he supposed Joe desired to fight him because he had a bad hand, to which the latter replied that if Ned's hand was not well upon the day fixed upon for the battle, he would tie one hand behind him and fight him in that manner; or he would go into a room at 40 moment's notice, have his hand tied behind him, and fight him off-hand for the money already staked, if he did not wish to go on with the match. Another war of choice epithets ensued, "swine," "duffer" and "sod" being profusely used, for the precise definition of which we refer the reader to Matsell's Lexicon, and matters becoming very warm. Larkin talked loudly in favor of the Giant, and Wormald's companion, though a small man, was full of grit, and stood manfully up for Joe, which finally drew him into a quarrel with Felix, who, overboiling with wrath, proposed a settlement *a la duello*, to which Wormald's friend didn't seem to object any more than himself, saying that he had gone there with Joe and he was determined to stay with him until the end. The storm raged fiercely, and for a time it seemed imminent that something desperate would result from the imbroglio; fortunately, however, men who had a controlling influence over the controversialists, succeeded in getting them away from each other without the *fracas* terminating in the bodily injury of some of the party. It looked very much as though it was a set thing to "fix" Wormald, and had it not been that he had a good friend with him the supposition might have proven correct.

BARNEY AARON IN WASHINGTON.

Old Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C., was crowded to its utmost capacity Saturday night, Sept. 5th, to do honor to this ex-champion of the light-weights. The show opened with Shorty in a song and dance, which was well received, more on account of the diminutive size than any merit on the part of the performer. Hickey and Sours next showed up. A knock down for Sours. Lively work. Hickey game, and acquitted himself creditably in the wind up. A ballad next. The singer was *encored* and *rencored*. Two unknown gentlemen next put up their hands, the little man showing more science than his stalwart opponent, who stood with his right foot advanced. Violin by J. Roake and bones by D. J. Trodden pleased the multitude. Eddy Mann and son in a negro colloquy.

Then came Teddy Ryan and Reiley for a set-to. Teddy sparred well. The hitting in this set-to was lively and hard, though good natured. Both showed fine points, and the audience were not stingy of applause. Two Washington gentlemen next showed up with the gloves, and gave, by their determined manner and business-like way of doing things, a world of amusement for the boys. Tuttle with the clubs was good. Trodden and Mann next toed the scratch. This was rather tame. The youngsters, Donovan and Robinson, stripped to the buff, next appeared and showed a proficiency in the manly art that professors might covet.

Two novices next put up their props and behaved more like experts than the novices they claimed to be. The contest was fierce and brisk. The novices smiled and the audience "laughed right out." Then a couple of semi-nude lads shook hands. Swampsville and Crow Hill Division were thus represented. The ancient feuds and existing malignity of these respective localities was to be settled in this consecration of pugilism. Science and valor far beyond the years of the juvenile contestants characterized the conflict. Everybody barracked, but the vexed question is still in abeyance.

Shortly, the dwarf, and a game lad greatly his superior in size, but his junior in years, had a lively time with the mitts. Fox and Whitemore had some fun with their paws. Then Harrigan and Boyles, attired in complete ring costume, fought three rounds. Waters and Sours contributed to the entertainment by engaging in a brisk and rather violent exchange of compliments. Sours had rather the worse of this, loosing the ball in the wind-up.

The veritable Barney now mounts the stage to apologize for the non-appearance of Patsey Sheppard and Billy Edwards. A telegram from Sheppard, announcing his determination to come by the ten o'clock train was read; but he failed to connect. Nobody did, or could blame Barney, and satisfaction was evinced.

The entertainment concluded with a couple of sets-to by Barney and two other gentlemen, in which Barney showed his accomplishments to excellent advantage. This ovation must have been lucrative to the beneficiary; besides which, it exhibited, to some degree, the numerical strength of his friends and admirers in the Capital City. J. B. S.

O'BALDWIN AND WORMALD MATCHED

TO FIGHT FOR

The Championship of the World and $1,000 a Side.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT SIGNED.

THE GIANT IN TOWN—WHAT HE THINKS OF IT.

Pursuant to the agreement entered into at the time of putting up the first deposit, the backers of these big guns of the British prize ring, Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, and Joe Wormald, who won the championship of England by defeating Andrew Marsden, assembled in conclave at Charley Diamond's sporting house, 104 Spring street, at 11 o'clock A. M. on Tuesday, 1st inst., for the purpose of adding another century a side to the amount already in the hands of the stakeholder and drawing up articles. Wormald was on hand in person, accompanied by Joe Coburn to assist in doing the requisite talking, while Diamond, as before, represented O'Baldwin, who was still in the west, and we believe had given Charley no authority to act for him. Quite a number of other celebrities in metropolitan sporting circles were also present, including Dan Noble, Steve Gordon, Han Peckam, Dick Buckley, Joe Wallace, Patrick Moore and Dominick Lynch, the latter of whom "came all the way from California to see Coburn and McCools fight, or Mac get married," he didn't exactly know which. After the customary amount of discussion over various points, choosing of the referee, manner of depositing, etc., during which a deal of recrimination was indulged in, and pretty much everybody managed to slip in a few words edgeways, they arrived at a mutual agreement, and the following articles were drawn up, Wormald, in accordance with the terms of the Giant's challenge, being allowed to name time and place of fighting and amount to be fought for. Read the document:—

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this first day of September, 1868, between Joseph Wormald and Edward O'Baldwin, the said Joseph Wormald and the said Edward O'Baldwin hereby agree to fight a fair stand up fight, according to the new rules of the prize ring, by which the said Joseph Wormald and the said Edward O'Baldwin hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the championship of the world and the sum of one thousand dollars a side, and shall take place on the 13th day of October, 1868, in the State of Virginia, the man winning the toss to give the opponent his choice of weeks in which the fight shall take place. The match being between the hours of twelve A. M. and two o'clock P. M., or the man absent to forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne mutually, share and share alike. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of two hundred dollars a side now deposited in the hands of Dan Noble, who shall be final stakeholder. The remaining deposits shall be made as follows:—The second, of one hundred dollars a side, on the 8th day of September, 1868, at Coburn's Harlem Hotel, the third, of one hundred dollars a side, on the 15th day of Sept. at Bob Smith's, 25 West Houston street; the fourth, of one hundred dollars a side, on the 22d day of September, at Felix Larkin's, corner West and Charlton streets; the fifth, of one hundred dollars a side, on the 29th day of September, at Charley Diamond's, 104 Spring street; the sixth, of four hundred dollars a side, on the 6th day of October, the place of depositing to be named by Joe Wormald at the time of putting up the fifth deposit. Each and all of the above deposits to be made between the hours of eight and ten o'clock P. M., or the party failing to forfeit the money down. The toss for choice of ground to take place at the time of putting up the fifth deposit. The amount of each and every deposit to be transferred to the final stakeholder from the houses mentioned.

The referee to be chosen on the ground. In case of magisterial interference, the referee, if possible, or the stakeholder, if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week, and either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money. The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent, or until fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place for giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

CHAS. M. DIAMOND for NED O'BALDWIN.
Witness { JOE COBURN, / DAN NOBLE.

After the protocol had been duly signed and witnessed, everybody felt greatly relieved, and no end of good humored chaffing followed, the participants not forgetting the "man behind the walnut," but keeping him pretty busy dealing out exhilarating beverages. Wormald, who has a frank, outspoken manner, and an off hand, careless way with him, which cannot fail to favorably impress all who may not be prejudiced against him, offered to "take $10 to $1 that O'Baldwin could not be got into the ring upon the day," and $5 to $1 that he (O'B.) wouldn't put up a dollar of his own money in the match; neither of which bets anybody seemed disposed to take, although that don't make it any more likely that the result will be as Joe so confidently expects. Upon some one asking him why he entertained so poor an opinion of the Giant, Wormald stated the circumstances attending his two battles with Marsden, in the first of which he and Goss, it will be remembered, seconded O'B. We have no room, nor would it be productive of any good, to reproduce here his version of those affairs; let it suffice to know that they were decidedly unfavorable to O'Baldwin, but Joe spoke in so positive and seemingly truthful a manner that few hesitated to believe him, and those who did he more than half convinced by saying that, if he found occasion, he would say the same things to Ned's face, and would make a bet with any one that the latter would not deny their truth before him. An hour's time was thus passed, when the crowd separated, Wormald going with Coburn to the Harlem Hotel, where he proposes to make his preparation for the important fistic encounter. The amount of the stake at issue, considering the title proposed to be fought for, that of champion of the world, is rather small, especially so when so many minor matches have of late been made for much larger sums; but as both men possess the utmost anxiety to meet each other, and Wormald, for obvious reasons, may not be able to raise a larger amount in the manner he desires, there is no good reason why the match should not go on and the men do battle as valiantly as though ten times the sum was pendant on the issue.

Since the above was written the tall son of Waterford has appeared upon the scene, having come post haste to this city in answer to the dispatch sent him by Diamond, conveying information of the match. Upon his arrival on Thursday morning, 3d inst., he sought out his backers, and on the subsequent day a meeting was held at the CLIPPER office, at which were present both principals, Coburn, Diamond, Noble, Fatty Welsh, and a number of others prominent in the world of sport. O'Baldwin objected strongly to the manner in which the match had been made, the main points of objection being the amount named in the articles and the gentleman chosen as stakeholder. He thought, as it was expected he would, the sum altogether too small, though saying that he was willing to make his word good, but, while not insinuating aught detrimental to the character of Noble as a perfectly "square" man in such matters, he contended that the CLIPPER office was the proper place to leave the money, and utterly refused to have anything to do with the match unless such alteration was made, as the party making it did it upon his own responsibility, and he didn't feel compelled to enter into an engagement in which he feared he would not have an equal chance with his opponent, notwithstanding the advantages he possessed in other respects. He evidently felt aggrieved because, after allowing Joe to have nearly everything his own way without solicitation, he was not permitted to say a single word in the framing of the protocol. The opposite party of course had the best of it, and although willing to have the money left here, to be transferred to the gentleman named as final stakeholder, expressed themselves determined to stand by the articles as signed and witnessed, and declared that should the other side fail to plank the second deposit at the hour mentioned, they would claim forfeit. Fatty Welsh now suggested that Diamond forfeit the money up and make fresh articles, agreeable to O'Baldwin's desires, (suggesting likewise that the latter make good the amount to Charley, but this he declined, saying that he did not authorize him to represent him in the matter,) but he could not induce his ability to see it in that light. Thus they continued to argue the matter for the space of half an hour, and finally left without coming to any agreement, though they may do so before the next deposit goes up, on Tuesday, 8th inst., when lively times are expected at the Harlem Hotel.

MILLING MATCH IN NEW JERSEY.

GRADY DEFEATS DONOHUE.

On Tuesday morning, 1st inst., the vicinity of that favorite suburban resort in the Jarsies, familiar to every man, woman and child in and around the metropolis, as well as many at a distance, by the name of Weehawken Heights, was, as it has oft been before, the scene of a physical contest, the modern gladiators in this instance being a couple of young fellows named Jimmy Grady and Matt Donohue. Both lads reside in the upper town district on the west side, and for sometime past their "manly buzzums" have been stirred by a feeling of the most bitter animosity toward each other. This spirit could not exist long without an outbreak, and neither it did, for about three weeks since they encountered each other on Seventh avenue; an altercation of course ensued and terminated in a rough-and-tumble fight, in which Grady is stated to have had the upper hand all through. Afterward Donohue frequently declared in public that he could whip Jimmy at any time and any place, much coming to the ears of the latter, he at once proposed to definitely settle the disputed question by an appeal to force governed by the recognized rules. To this Donohue assented, and the match under consideration was arranged, each party putting up twenty-five dollars as an extra incentive. Jimmy is a brother of Johnny Grady (who fought Billy McMullen and Billy Kelly, and is now in California), is eighteen years of age, stands 5 feet 3 inches in height, weighed 113 pounds, and was born in Mulberry street, this city. Donohue is also a native of the metropolis, was born in '41, reaches an altitude of 5 feet 4 inches, and lowered the scales at 135 pounds. The utmost secrecy in reference to the matter was enjoined upon those who were made acquainted with the *locale* of the intended mill, who, to the number of about two hundred, journeyed in squads of three and four to the ground, chosen during the night prior to meeting, with no attempt at molestation by the usually lynx-eyed members of the locust battalion on the route.

As soon as it became sufficiently light the boys be stirred themselves; the necessary preparations were speedily made and the combatants entered the enclosure, Grady being waited upon by Johnny Carman and Johnny McAuliffe, and Donohue having for his attendants Valler Davis and Frank Halpine. William Gorman officiated as referee; while Billy Aitkin was umpire for Grady and Lynch for Matt. They were quickly disrobed, and after taking the preliminary "shake," commenced operations without needless delay. It was manifest that there was a fixed determination on the part of each man to have the fullest satisfaction for past grievances by the manner in which they opened the ball as soon as they faced each other, bringing into play but little of what science they have possessed, but substituting any quantity of hard thumps. Thus they fought, with the utmost vim and unflinchingly, for the space of forty-seven minutes, in which time twenty-one rounds had been contested, when, for the third time, Donohue hit Grady when down, and the blow was so palpable that the referee was compelled to declare the battle won by Jimmy. Both men looked considerably the worse for the pummeling received, although Donohue was much the worse punished of the two, having both eyes in mourning, besides being otherwise badly cut up; while Grady showed one blackened optic, in addition to several bruises about the face and body. As soon as the fight was concluded the crowd "scattered," returning to the city as orderly as when they started on the expedition, and without exciting suspicion in the minds of Kennedy's men in blue.

MCGLADE TURNED PUBLICAN.—Johnny McGlade appears to have done right well by visiting the Pacific slope, as our California exchanges make mention of his having opened a hostelrie at 456 Jackson street, San Francisco, dubbing it the "New York Shades." In connection with the saloon is a large room, well fitted up, where Johnny advertises to instruct those who wish to become proficient in the manly art. May the Pacific slopers use him well.

SCRAP FOR A PURSE.—Bonker's Woods, near Auburn, N. Y., was selected for a game of fisticuffs between Jack Murphy and Jim Terry, on the 23d ult., the former being waited upon by Pat Flynn, and the latter by Jack McGuir. The battle was declared a draw after they had been at it one hour and twenty-seven minutes, during which time two rounds were fought.

MATCHES.—Teddy Smith (Con Orem's trainer), of Helena, M. T., and Jemmy Baffin, of Cottonwood, have been matched to fight for $400 a side, the day following the battle between Con and McArdle, and in the same ring. They are light-weights, each weighing about 123 pounds.

SAM COLLYER, having fully recovered from the effects of the punishment sustained in his late battle with Billy Edwards, took a benefit at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on the 2d inst., and, with his two boys, filled an engagement there during the balance of season.

ALTERCATION BETWEEN JOE COBURN AND FLORY SCAMMELL.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Early on Saturday morning, the 5th inst., the city was thrown into a fever of excitement about the reported assassination of Joe Coburn, the noted pugilist, at a public resort in East Houston street. The rumor traveled far and wide, and as it traveled increased in horror, every one adding something to the story as told to him until it became the general topic of conversation both out doors and in. The report was eagerly swallowed by the masses, who were induced to believe it from the fact of murders being of quite common occurrence in that section of the city. As soon as the news got abroad, some had it that Coburn's head had been severed from his body, others that his throat had been cut from ear to ear. A call was made at the Harlem Hotel, and there was found the supposed murdered man, putting away a sirloin steak and fixings as unconcerned as the Sphinx about the thousand and one flying stories which had reached his ears before mid-day. Having been satisfied that there was little danger of his collapse from what was seen there, the next things to meet our eyes were several "extras," with the particulars of the blood and thunder tragedy, heralded in flaming capitals, selling down town like hot cakes, with special dispatches at intervals saying that he was "going, going," like the auctioneer, but had not "gone" up to the latest accounts from the indefatigable sensation hunting penny-a-liners, who seem to have brought all their vivid inventive faculties into play to make a terrible and blood-thirsty tragedy out of the poorest kind of material; and even when the facts became known, still harped on it as if it were really so. Were it not that so much has been said and written about this "tragedy," we should have passed it as a mere item of news, such as is likely to happen every day when fourth proof begins to work, but as the most elaborate and highly colored articles have been given to the public as to what did occur, we propose to tell our unvarnished tale, assuring the reader that he will not become nervous or in any way disturbed from his usual tranquility on its perusal.

It appears that at a late hour on Friday night, or an early one on Saturday morning, Coburn called in at the establishment alluded to, No. 26 East Houston street, where he found, among others, Scammell and several friends, with whom he exchanged salutations. Shortly afterward he joined them in a "smile," and after drinking, Flory offered Joe a cigar, with the remark, "Here is a cigar that came from Morrissey's." Upon taking it Coburn replied, "I'll bet $20 to $5 it didn't come from Morrissey's." The money was at once put up in the hands of a bystander, and after chinning over the matter a few minutes, Coburn said, "I will bet another hundred dollars that I win the bet." The money was at once produced, but no suitable person could be prevailed upon to hold it. Scammell then stated that the weed came from Morrissey's cigar box adjacent to his residence, and that he would procure Mr. M.'s affidavit to that effect. Naturally thinking from this that a trap had been laid for him, Coburn wished to draw the money, more words ensued, and during the excitement Joe grabbed for Scamnell's pistol pocket. There was no weapon there, however, and as he did so, the latter reached over the counter and grasped a table-knife, with which he made a couple of furious lunges at Coburn, without, however, inflicting the slightest injury. Joe then clinched him, when Scammell dropping the knife, and drawing a small one from his pocket, attempted to cut Coburn about the head and neck. Joe made no offer to even hit him in return, contenting himself with preventing injury to his person, and exclaiming, "What do you mean, Scamuell? You know I would not strike you." This seemed to bring Florry to his senses, for he put up his knife at once, and in a few minutes all was quiet as usual, neither of the combatants being in the least degree injured.

THIS was all there was of it. Coburn bore no marks that night or the next day, not even a scratch; nor was any of his clothing cut, so that the lookers, on (?) must have either been under spiritual influence or something else to see the "gasping wounds," etc., they have written so much about.

Florence Scammell is a young man, engaged extensively in horse dealing, both around Bull's Head, this city, and elsewhere, and some time ago, it will be remembered, had a shooting difficulty with Owen Geogheghan, of Third avenue and Thirty-first street. He has a brother, John, now keeping the Compton House, on the corner of Twenty-fourth street and Third avenue. Both John and Florence have a heap of friends in that neighborhood, as well as in other parts of the city, and it is to be hoped that we shall not have to allude to another similar fracas as the present, which, although harmless, might have placed either party in a position far from enviable. We are not aware that any feeling exists, or has heretofore existed, between Coburn and the Scammels, and the very same thing might have happened to any other of the acquaintances of either party. There are those from whom, had they been in Scammel's position, under like circumstances, from whom we might have expected rough work, and once commenced, there would be no end without bloodshed, and perhaps loss of life. Coburn has his enemies, as well as all others who have held similar positions; and although nothing has happened to him as yet, it would not be at all a matter of surprise to hear of some trouble when frequenting the haunts of those who would like no better excuse than for him to strike some one, or commence a quarrel when in their company, to take chances in "fixing" him, and when once such a row is started, there is no telling what might be the result.

SHORT BUT GOOD BATTLE

BETWEEN

GEORGE ILES AND JESSE BIRKIN (SHAW'S NOVICE).

On Tuesday, August 18th, an off-handed mill, for a purse of thirty pounds, subscribed by some of the aristocratic patrons of Billy Shaw's sporting drum, took place in the neighborhood of "The Camp," near London, England. The preliminaries had been most carefully arranged, and but a small party left a West-end terminus in the morning. After a rather tedious ride, the order "all out" was given, the *voyageurs* at once making for a well-known sporting hostelrie, situate on the adjacent heath. Some hours were then cut to waste, and, as the military appeared in force, the company soon became numerous. Eventually an attempt was made to pitch the ring, but just as operations commenced an inspector of police drove up, and in polite but unmistakably firm language, apprised the managers of the expedition of his intentions in the event of hostilities being attempted. "Ould Nat" and one or two of the *cognoscenti*, however, who had been over that part of the district before, adopted a *ruse*, and, after tramping across a few acres of "fog," a suitable bit of turf was selected in the county celebrated for its hops. Here, with the assistance of a few of the lookers-on, Puggy White rigged up a ring, and shortly before five o'clock everything was in readiness. The competitors were George Iles, of London, and Jesse Birkin, a bargeman, of Limehouse. Iles has fought three times prior to this occasion, viz: with Joe Wormald, who defeated him after a hard tussle; with Ned O'Baldwin, and with Tom Allen, who also was victorious. He is 28 years of age, stands 6ft. 1in. high, and scaled 12st. 7lbs. on the morning of the mill. He is now located at Northfleet, under the care of Jack Skinner, and came to the scratch in fair condition. "Big Jesse" hails from Stratford, in Essex, and this was his *debut* in the ring. He is 24 years of age, stands 6ft. ¼in. and weighed nearly a stone more than his adversary. The energetic Jack Baldock and Old Bill Stebbings seconded him, whilst Iles had the attentions of Mike Cocklin and a well-known sporting "bung" of unmistakable talent.

On stripping, Jesse showed a set of splendid limbs, a head well set on, and a pair of immense shoulders. Speculation now commenced, and an even "fiver" and odd moneys were invested on him, after the failure of sundry attempts to take 6 to 4 and then 5 to 4. Iles won the toss, and, selecting the higher ground, they put up their hands at three minutes past five, before about three hundred spectators. Jesse's attitude was liked, but it shortly transpired that his skill was hardly in proportion with his appearance. Iles, fighting to orders, shot out his left on his adversary's face and retired, then tried again. Slight counters followed, but, after a break away, Jesse received such a stinger on the mouth that he reeled and staggered towards his corner, Iles administering another dose on the ear as he fell. Two minutes and a half only were occupied by this bout, and on coming up for the second, Jesse showed a split lip and other damage, Iles thus gaining first blood. A good deal of sparring succeeded before Iles advanced his left with telling effect on the short ribs. Then he got heavily on the mouth, chest, and left eye, successively. Jesse hardly made an attempt to reach his man, and the fighting was all one way. In getting back, however, Iles fell, and thus the bout terminated, eight minutes having now elapsed. In the third round Iles managed to win his right, but caught it heavily on the left eye in exchange, and blood trickled from the wound. Then Jesse rushed to close quarters, and Iles, in getting back, slipped down. Time, 17min. There was a lot of sparring in the fourth round, as both blew freely, and exhibited signs of punishment. Jesse did not follow up his advantages and force the fighting, or he might now have turned the tables, and as Iles waited and sent out his left every now and then, telling effects, the battle promised to be one-sided. Jesse's face was a mass of blood, which continued to run freely, and thus bother him, notwithstanding the attentions of Baldock. Just prior to the end of the bout Iles received a "thick-'un" among the ribs, and was eventually fought down over the ropes, without, however, sustaining much injury. Twenty-eight minutes had now elapsed, and as they came up for the fifth and last round, both were somewhat tired. Iles resorted to former tactics, and getting away a dozen times without a return, had, as may be imagined, all the best of it. Eventually he landed on the ear, and, after receiving a slight blow in payment, let out a swinging cross-counter on the mouth, dropping Jesse like a bullock. Overtures were here made, and Iles agreeing to come down with a little "salve," the sponge was thrown up in token of Jesse's defeat, after 30min.

Iles fought with much judgment and confidence. Jesse is a finely-built young fellow, but he is altogether too slow and ponderous in his movements for a pugilist. He displayed great pluck and endurance, and took an awful licking, considering the short time in which it was accomplished, very quietly. A "fiver" was collected for the loser by Iles and Baldock. Everything passed off in an orderly manner. The post of referee was undertaken by a representative of the press.

MILL IN CINCINNATI.

Tim Toohey and Andy McMullen, while working together upon a house in Portkopolis on the 3d instant, became involved in a quarrel and agreed to settle the matter with nature's weapons, according to ring rules. They accordingly repaired to Brighton hill, just outside of the city limits, when they stripped and chose seconds, referee and timekeeper from among their fellow workmen (who had accompanied them to see the thing out) and then they began.

On the first round Toohey was knocked off his feet by a terrible left hand blow from the enraged Mac. When he came up for the second round his nose was as big as two noses, and he was not in trim to do good work. However, he managed to rush in on his antagonist, secure an under hold, and throw him heavily.

In the third round they both got in their work handsomely. McMullen evidently had the advantage in the use of his hands, for, while Toohey only succeeded in hitting him once, cutting him over the right eye, he gave it to him left, right and left, finally knocking him off his feet again.

When time was called for the fourth round both came up bleeding like stuck pigs. Toohey was very weak, and he could only stagger up. As he did so he grappled McMullen, and, before he could be prevented, bit a piece of his left ear off. At this point the referee (a boss carpenter by the way) immediately allowed the claim of foul that McMullen's friends raised, and declared him the winner. He was evidently the better man of the two, and it turned out that in the old country, a few years since, he had actually fought a prize fight for ten pounds, and won it. As the party, two of them supporting Toohey, who was very weak from loss of blood, were starting out on their return, they were startled by the announcement that a couple of Eighteenth Ward Policemen were after them. They dropped Toohey and made a swift run, but finding they were not pursued, and that the alarm was entirely false, they returned and assisted the defeated man to his home.

ABE HICKEN'S CHALLENGE.—The precipitate retreat of young Edwards from the ring, after but one fight, has created much dissatisfaction, especially in the face of such a brood, sweeping *dog* from Hickey, as being sons of Albion, there would be no choice, and consequently, no prejudice against either, and a match between them would excite great interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Should Edwards permit in being a member of the Peace Society, Hicken may probably find a customer in the person of Ed. Tuohey, of the *

OOLONG, T.

A Chinese Love Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the following little truthful song
I will tell you the story of Titty Oolong,
Who was loved by a mighty Mandarin
Of twenty tails—named Hi Chin Chin.

The said Chin Chin had an oily tongue,
And he wooed the maiden, fair and young;
But her father was old and exceedingly tough,
And he didn't believe in any such stuff.

Chin Chin, her governor's worth to appease,
Sent him cords of rice and stacks of teas;
Which the old man took, as fast as they come,
And complacently traded them off for rum!

But he wouldn't relent! ah! that was the rub!
He used to keep, in the corner, a club,
And when Chin Chin came a browsing around
He'd make a bold rush for his head, and pound.

And, in spite of his daughter's sobs and tears,
These doings continued for two or three years;
And a mighty rough time the lovers had
On account of the freaks of her tipsy old dad.

In vain on her knees Titty Oolong rank;
The more she entreated the more he drank;
Till one day when he was wild with grog
He mixed some poison in her prog!

Not being hungry, up on the shelf
She carefully laid it, and he, himself,
Not knowing the fact, fumbling round for peck,
Took down the platter and ate every speck!

Whew! didn't old Oolong turn and twist!
He yanked his cue and he shook his fist!
The town for a doctor did Titty scour—
But he died in precisely half an hour.

Thus, you see, they had only to wait
Till the thing was correctly fixed by Fate;
And in due course sweet Titty Oolong
Was married to Chin Chin, fast and strong.

And many children of various size,
With Bismark skin and almond eyes,
And exceedingly straight and very black hair,
Were born in time to this happy pair.

But on *one* thing Mrs. Chin Chin was set:
Her boys wa'nt on the tipple, you bet;
They might smoke pipes and play old sledge,
But she made every one of them sign the pledge.

J. H. B.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 21.—Castle Garden.

As the inward bound stranger views for the first time the city of New York, after passing through our beautiful bay, his eye lights upon an incongruous mass of building material, to which it will assuredly prove a source of perplexity to him to assign any rational design in erection. This eye-sore to the remarkable beauty of our harbor is Castle Garden, most appropriately surrounded by incongruities and blemishes, quite as obnoxious to taste as the hybrid edifice itself; and yet this very spot but a few years back was the favorite resort of the wealth, youth and fashion of our town. Then the Castle presented somewhat of a military appearance, although even at that time regarded an excrescence which could be removed without regret from the Battery's now peaceful shore. Nevertheless, veterans were proud to tolerate its lingering existence as a memento of a past war, and patriotic individuals clamored for its conservation, otherwise it would have shared the fate of the old Red Fort, formerly at the foot of Hubert street; of Fort Gansevoort, at that of Fourteenth, and the other fortifications whose dismantled port holes frowned upon the waters of the Hudson. So Castle William was permitted to remain in its sullen majesty, a silent monument of war's useless expenditures, until some speculative genius converted it into a source of revenue to the city till and of emolument to his own pocket.

The Battery was the favorite promenade of the aristocracy thirty years ago. About four in the afternoon was the fashionable hour for the junior ladies and their admirers to commence a promenade among the shaded avenues and along the paved walk fronting upon the sea and washed by the Atlantic tide, whose waves, breaking upon the rugged stones at the base of the wall, gave forth a melody most musically tempered to the stillness of a moonlit evening. After tea was the period chosen for the heads of families, the well to do merchant and his matronly dame, to enjoy the breezes from off the bay, and, as they were attended by their grown up daughters, these were the hours likewise consumed by belles and beaux in that flirtation and gossip, preludes to honorable matrimony. Indeed, a joint promenade on the Battery during the mildness of a soft summer's night, or a sleigh ride in a single cutter during the fall of winter's snow, was generally accepted by the gossips of the town as what a loving couple contemplated matrimony—or at least should do so. Neither was visiting the Battery confined to the immediate residents of the spot; but, on the contrary, citizens poured along Broadway from every part of the city to enjoy the balmy sea air in a solid mass, so that upon a warm summer's night that avenue at its lower end was fairly alive with the promenaders of both sexes, arrayed in the height of fashionable attire.

Castle William divested of its guns, had grown a necessity to the good folks of down town, as it was capable of being converted into a hundred conveniences, all subservient to their tastes and pleasures. At first it served as a sort of banqueting room for the Corporation, who upon high days and holidays there congregated to undergo spoon exercise; then it became a species of social exchange for the ancient burgess, who lolled upon its battlements smoking pipes with stems an ell and a half in length; and then again it was used for municipal entertainments, when great men came among us, after the mayor and aldermen, decked in official robes, assembled at the seaward sally-port to welcome the city's guest to our hospitable table. Was it upon that somewhat slippery spot that the great Lafayette first set foot upon American shore upon his second visit to this land of his adoption? Yet, this very spot, consecrated by the tread of the companion of Washington, was included within the limits leased for the avowed sale of ice creams, lemonades and potent liquids. Then Castle William became rechristened Castle Garden, but of what the garden consisted, save in a few sea shells with half a dozen dismounted cannons firmly planted in a pebble pavement, I am at a loss to discover.

Castle Garden, before Niblo's enterprise became an established fact, was a most popular concert saloon, where entertainments were varied by the strains of a brass band—a great luxury in those days, when scarce a regimental band could be found on the island. Indeed, it can almost be said that Dodworth's band were the originators of instrumental organizations in this city, and their performances at the Castle, particularly upon Sunday evenings, created no small sensation. To secure a brass band for a military parade, or other purpose, required a great deal of ingenuity on the part of the commander, provided he had a prejudice against the employment of colored persons. I recollect when nearly all the military bands of the militia were composed of negroes, and remember that a colored band traveled the country avowedly as champion musicians. Even our crack corps, the heroes of heroes, marched to the field in resplendent uniforms, to the inspiring music of the fife and drum.

While the municipality granted leases for the occupation of the Castle for public entertainments, it still retained control of the place for its use when the interests of the city demanded it. This reservation, however, extended little beyond the temporary employment of the property for civic receptions, for as all the world knows, our people—and I include aldermen under the governing head—are particularly insane upon the subject of extending, in the most public manner, hospitalities to our own governing powers and those of other people. It was, consequently, at the Castle that we received the Hero of New Orleans, when he, accompanied by Martin Van Buren, then Vice President, visited this section of the country. The curiosity of our citizens to see President Jackson was so great that the long wooden bridge connecting the artificial island, upon which the Castle has been erected, with the main land, gave way beneath the accumulated weight of curiosity-stricken humanity, and came near precipitating the city's guest into the waters of the bay. Luckily for those immersed the water was found to be very shallow at the point where the structure gave way, consequently no serious results attended the accident, the newspaper relations of which appeared with numerous fanciful and humorous embellishments. Major Jack Downing, whose letters were being published in the *Courier and Enquirer*, gained the enmity of the friends of Van Buren by insisting that the "Little Magician," as that official was then styled, only contrived miraculously to save his life by seizing hold of the tail of Jackson's horse, an incident many believed to be strictly true.

But this reservation was subsequently waived when Castle Garden became converted into a more legitimate theatre, and then the municipal authorities were compelled, as in the case of rescuing Parker Matthews and Kossuth, to become temporary lessees of their own property. I was present at both these important state affairs, and more humorous travesties cannot be imagined by even a popular farce writer. In the case of Father Mathew the satire of the thing consisted in the sublime hypocrisy of the movement, which was designed as a political scheme to cajole a portion of the Irish, inasmuch as with the exception of a few eminent temperance officials, not a solitary one of his disciples in the land sympathized with the worthy father's teetotal views; on the contrary, many of the civic dignitaries who went down in a steamer to take the reverend gentleman from shipboard, carried private pocket pistols as a preventive against sea sickness. Even at the dinner given to the great apostle at the Irving, several aldermen were found in a condition of hilarity usually consequent upon over exertion in libations, although not a guest was allowed to imbibe aught save aqua pura. This miracle could only be accounted for by subsequent revelation that the visitors had mistaken pure Irish whiskey for the Adamic beverage. Several politicians, moreover, with much contrition of conscience, signed the pledge as an example, and I am happy to say that more than one kept it—safely stowed away out of sight and memory.

The career of the Hungarian ex-president in this city was one of the most audacious efforts at mendacity and mendicity ever inflicted upon a credulous community. He had been preceded by a small band of refugees, all very great men according to their own account, headed by a Uhazy, or some such name, who represented him as the civil governor of Comorn. Upon their arrival the hotel proprietors contracted, after the manner of baggage smashers, to get control of their persons. The Irving was successful in carrying them off, when some individual, who had been a passenger on the steamer with them, communicated to the proprietors of the Astor the fact that the Irving had overlooked the greatest personage in the lot, Mademoiselle Apollonia Argelio, the Hungarian Joan of Arc, who had seen more military service than Kossuth and his whole corps of generals, at the same time showing a Southampton paper ventilating these wonderful facts. The Astor was delighted; it had drawn the big fish of the pool, for public sympathy was running riot in favor of femininity, and the Southampton article having been reproduced in the dailies, all New York went wild over the heroine. Aldermen, judges and all sorts of officials hurried to pay court to the Jagello, although, in personal appearance, she was coarse and vulgar in the extreme; poets sang her praises and reporters chronicled her every day actions; ladies of every condition tendered her domiciliary ovations; in fine, she was on the high road to glory, wealth and fame, when the individual who had introduced her to greatness frankly avowed her pretensions to be the work of his own imagination. The woman had originally come upon the steamship as a second cabin passenger, and the inventive individual, smitten with an amative phrenzy for the heroine, who had at originally been a camp follower, had concocted the entire story of her military career and palmed it off upon the Southampton editor to induce the transatlantic flame of this temporary lady-love to the chief saloon.

It was at Castle Garden that Kossuth made his great speech to the military, and thereby reaped his rich harvest of gold coin, his company presenting him with a purse containing a thousand dollars. The affair came off in mid-winter, a bitter cold night, yet the entire army of militia were on hand and about twice as many of military impostors, for everybody who could beg or borrow a uniform, no matter the size or antiquity in construction, donned it in order to obtain a sight of the great Magyar. Kossuth came in surrounded by his staff, dressed in bran new uniforms of velvet and gold, considerately furnished at the expense of the Common Council, who doubtlessly thought that the heroes of so many battles would be naturally out at the elbows. There he spoke for nearly two mortal hours, having evidently been what the lawyers term "stuffed" for the occasion by his exhibitors. He told us about the Great Fire, and touched upon other local topics, with which no recently imported foreigner could have the remotest acquaintance; in fine, he tickled the militia, touched the pride and flattered the aspirations of our civic soldiery, who responded most generously to the extravagant financial demands of the Hungarian, whose cry, like that of Oliver Twist, was "for more." It is impossible to estimate the sum of money taken in by this man, as not one tenth part of the receipts were made known to the public.

It was in Castle Garden, I believe, that Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, made her *debut* in America. The genius of Barnum, with its microscopic power of magnifying small objects into immense shadows, ruled the destiny of this lady during her entire American career, in every stage of which the finger of the showman sticks out "about a foot." In Europe she was esteemed a third-rate vocalist, who had failed in every capital save London; but that was no obstacle to Barnum, who exhibited her, not as a singer, but as a living curiosity, according to the principle successfully applied to the management of an elephant or any other raree show. Financially, this relation proved for Mademoiselle Lind an immense success; professionally, it proved her ruin, as upon the conclusion of her American tour she sank into obscurity and the arms of Goldschmidt, the little Jewish pianist, who used to applaud her so vehemently when less interested auditors could not see the point.

Long before Jenny Lind arrived Barnum had manufactured a transcendant reputation for her; this was no hard work, for he had done the same for the Feejee Island Mermaid, although with far different results. When she arrived she landed upon the most approved theatrical and sensational programme. Firemen's processions, with blazing torches, paraded before her, delegations of the press waited upon her, and paid bands serenaded her. Jenny Lind's serenade proved a far different affair from the one gotten up in honor of Fanny Ellsler, in those rude times when the ears of the New York roughs were deaf to the fascinations of the most Orpheon melodies. Fanny tarried at the American Hotel, then a popular house, at the corner of Barclay and Broadway, where her admirers conceived the idea of treating her to a serenade—a good idea, but perfectly novel to the New York masses. The evening fixed upon arrived, and, knowledge of the intended compliment having leaked out, thousands of curious spectators lingered for hours around the Park and the precinct within which the divine *danseuse* had effected a temporary lodgment. St. Paul's struck the hour of midnight, and down Broadway came a procession of men, some bearing flaming links, others musical instruments of every known description, and others again carried stands and large rolls of sheet music. The crowd, amid many joyous exclamations of welcome, respectfully gave way and allowed the expected musicians to range themselves, in a circle before the hotel door, link bearers and horn blowers properly disposed, as the leader of the musical host marshaled them in order. The divine Fanny appeared at a front window clad in unexceptionable white; a shout greeted the apparition of the Sylphide, then all became still, as a respectable midnight should be. The leader gave the flourish of command, and then came the opening burst of some operatic air; but alas, before the second bar was reached a band of rude barbarians pounced upon the unsuspicious music makers. The big drum was seen in the air, and then descending earthward, buried within its capacious cavity the person of its presumptive owner; the big fiddle executed a similar feat; the link bearers took to their legs in affright; musicians clasped their instruments to their breasts and precipitately departed in different directions; and in a moment's time the scene of joy was converted into a field of mourning, strown with relics of the promised musical feast, which, gathered into a heap, were consigned to the devouring flames. On the morrow New York was indignant at this unjustifiable outrage by the boys from the Bowery, who, under pretence of nationality, vented their spleen upon a band of musicians of Teutonic origin.

Jenny Lind, whose appearance was pleasing, without the slightest pretence to beauty, and whose character as to purity could not be questioned, was immensely popular with the masses, tutored as they daily were in the public press by the indefatigable Barnum, to an appreciation of her works of benevolence, of charity, and of the other cardinal virtues. But despite of all these personal advantages, she had a narrow escape from professional shipwreck upon the very opening of her career. Barnum, profiting by the anxiety of the public to hear his bird of song, hit upon the expedient of disposing of reserved seats at auction, a movement clamorously opposed by the general public as an innovation upon the ticket purchaser's time-honored rights. Then the managerial sagacity of Barnum came into play, and the engine he operated with was the public press. He doubled his advertisements; trebled the issue of complimentary tickets and bestowed upon editors the choicest of seats. His strategy was successful; the voice of the clamorers was stilled; the auction was held, at which John Nicholas Genin, as an advertising dodge, purchased the first choice of seats at an enormously ridiculous figure—several hundreds of dollars.

Barnum's experience proved his salvation; to Genin, new in the show business, it nearly proved total destruction, as, unfortunately for his speculation, the journeymen hatters shortly after indulged in a strike for higher wages. Genin, an extensive manufacturer, refused to concede to their demands, but the community took especial sides against him, arguing that a man wasting hundreds of dollars needlessly to a showman could not should be compelled to pay full prices to the workingmen in his employ. The strikers saw the advantage of their position, and declared all shop "foul." Genin battled manfully, but public opinion ran counter to him, and, as his hats were fast slipping out of the market, he concluded a compromise with his journeymen, who had so dexterously dissipated the advantages sought to be derived through illicit advertising.

In connection with Jenny Lind's engagement, there was exhibited by the firemen of New York a delicacy of sentiment in acknowledging her contribution towards their charitable fund, which could not be surpassed by the most polished of monarchs, and which came with singular grace from a body of men making no pretensions to superior education or social position, but who, on the contrary, had been a standing theme for defamation. The gift was a large one, and the charity stood greatly in need of it, yet the firemen resolved, unlike the other benevolent institution, recipients of the songstress' bounty, not to accept it without presenting the fair donor a tangible and valuable mark of their gratitude. Consequently they opened a subscription among themselves, and having raised a sum of one thousand dollars, set about devising a suitable testimonial for the lady's acceptance, and of their own good taste. They rejected sets of plate, jewelry and other like mementoes, and, with a judgment most admirable, selected a highly colored copy of Audubon's Birds of America, in rich but chaste binding—the most elaborate and expensive work ever emanating from an American author and press, a present which Mlle. Lind received with wonder and admiration.

Castle Garden's final sensation was the appearance of Mario and Grisi, who there reaped their inaugural honors in this country, but their reception was not greeted with that enthusiasm those artists evidently anticipated. With this attraction the Castle closed its career as a place of amusement, as it was apparent to all sensible beings that the location of the place, at the uttermost end of the deserted portion of the city, surrounded by the ruins and debris of the once beautiful Battery, could offer no attraction to citizens having from three to five miles to traverse before the point of destination was reached, and as many to return. Now, in the hands of the Commissioners of Emigration, it has been converted into a useful public institution, lacking, however, modifications and improvements imperative to render the place thoroughly useful as well as ornamental. Now, there, in the hall where Lafayette, Jackson and Kossuth spoke, and Jenny Lind, Grisi and Mario sang, can only be heard the creaking of stout made boots, the cry of immigrant children and the hoarse mandates of superintending officials directing the flood of humanity rushing from the lands of the east to the illimitable dominion of the west.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

A TRIBUTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Far away from this, her native land, in the very zenith of her fame and the midst of her greatness, the spirit of Adah Isaacs Menken has taken flight, to the unknown bourne, to that land where the bloom is eternal. Rare privilege is it to the writer to remember that a friendship continued bright for years is clustered o'er the scenes of his past, with one so gifted, gentle and good as Miss Menken. And while, with the sharp pen of criticism, cold, unfeeling men, even over her yet fresh grave, may endeavor to blur her memory with sharp toothed unkindness, let us, who knew her well, nothing extenuate, and with malice toward none judge of her as we can. The greatest eminence ever attained is that which is obtained by conquering difficulties, and overcoming what are seemingly impossibilities. Less than a dozen short years ago Miss Menken, at a critical age of life, had scarcely any resources at all, and comparatively few friends. Instead of shrinking back, as many would have done, from the contest, she only caught the future as it came to be the present with unwearied and more and more assiduous effort, until her talents received the acknowledgements of the emperors and princes, the authors and scholars of the day. Her poetry exhibits a delicacy remarkable, a marked tenderness, and some of her fugitive pieces evince a keen solicitude for others, who she, in her expressed sentiment, fully realizes, are passing through nature to eternity. Only thirty-three years old at the time of her death, like Lord Byron, who, too, was cut down in his youth, what her future might have been we can only surmise.

"All that's bright must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest."

The record of Miss Menken's generosity and kindness to others is unwritten, but how many living witnesses there are who participated in her constant deeds of kindness toward them. In the future she will be remembered as *the* Mazeppa of this country—a character which she made eminently her own. Such a personage almost reckless, and with bewildering scenes of beauty and incident, appeared among the other actors, who assisted her, like the sun among the lesser planets. Let those now in the profession emulate such an example as hers, and as they rise higher and higher up the ladder of fame, remember to assist and encourage those who may be less fortunate, so that when Death calls the roll for them they may be found across the dark river, buoyed up with the consciousness of having done good to their fellow sojourners in the pilgrimage of Human Life.

"Weep not for her! Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright,
Like flowers, that know not what it is to die;
Like long-hair'd, shadeless mountain or Polar light,
Like music-notes of love's own wondrous tube,
While echo answers from the flowery brake;
Weep not for her!

"Weep not for her! She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise;
All darkness wiped from her resplgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from her eyes;
Victorious over Death to her appear
The vista'd joys of Heavens eternal year;
Weep not for her!

"Weep not for her! Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Clear as the moonshine of an autumn night;
Weep not for her!

"Weep not for her! There is no cause for woe;
But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
And from earth's low debasements keep thee back,
So, when a few fleet sorrowing years have flown
She'll meet thee at Heaven's gate, and lead thee on,
Weep not for her!"

HARTFORD, CONN., Sept., 1868. DELTA.

HINTS TO BATHERS.—One who has made the benefits and dangers of swimming and bathing a study, says that the calamity of drowning, though sometimes occurring by accident, is more frequently the result of carelessness. He says bathers who take to the water between the hours of eight o'clock in the morning and sunset, are liable to be attacked by cramp, against which no swimmer, however expert, can often successfully contend. Cramp occurs more frequently during the hours above mentioned, because the water is cooler than the atmosphere, and consequently the body becomes chilled on being plunged in the water. Before or after those hours, when the water is of about the same temperature as the atmosphere, cramp is the warner, are the safer times to go swimming. Cramp is not the only thing to fear from swimming at improper times. If the body, heated and enervated by warm weather, is suddenly cooled by immersion in water, severe colds, colic, dysentery, fevers, and innumerable diseases are likely to follow.

A SPORT.—A hunter named Cassanova recently arrived at Suez from a sporting tour in Nubia, having crossed the African Desert with an escort of 300 men and ninety-five camels. The dangers as well as the success of his expedition may be imagined from the fact that he brought back with him the almost incredible cargo of thirty-two elephants, eight giraffes, two rhinoceroses, twelve hyenas and four lions, besides many goats, monkeys, gazelles and other "small deer." The elephants, giraffes and rhinoceroses probably made the trip on foot.

A LONG RIDE IN GOOD TIME.—The train that conveyed the Rocky Mountain excursionists from Cheyenne to Omaha made the distance between the two places—517 miles—in about 15 hours, which is an average of nearly 35 miles an hour. At one point, 55 miles were run in sixty minutes. This is very nearly the fastest time on record in the history of American railroads.

"FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY ALF. A. SIGMA.

Doing evil that good may come of it is certainly forbidden by Holy Writ, yet the application of this decree is sometimes puzzling. For example:—Tom Grenville probably saved his brother-in-law from going to the dogs by his influence over him, and yet the very foundation of this influence was laid by premeditated drinking and gambling. A nice question here arises:—Would it have been best to not use these instruments and lose the man, or was it best to use them and save him—certainly in body, and it is to be hoped, in soul. Let the reader form his own judgment from the facts.

Tom's father-in-law evidently died just at the wrong time for his son, Charley Wilson. Because Charley, when his father left this world and endowed his son by will with a competency, was just in the age of puppydom, which runs from a man's seventeenth to his twenty-third birthday, inclusively, save in rare cases, in which a shrewd young fellow cuts his wisdom teeth early.

To be left a rich orphan at that crisis of a man's existence is rather a dangerous event, and Charley justified this view of the situation by showing signs of becoming "fast." Naturally alarmed by these signs, which are so universal now-a-days as to be fairly called "signs of the times," his sister poured her griefs into Tom's ear one evening, in the smoking room. We will assist at the cabinet meeting, if you please.

Tom is smoking a cigar, and, in a lazy attitude, sprawls all over a huge easy-chair. His wife is energetic and industrious, talking and working, varying these performances with an occasional sob or tear over Charley's errors of omission and commission. She states her case more concisely and less discursively than most women. Charley was out late every night now, and under the name of "having a good time," was really having a very bad time, for he was running into habits of intemperance and dissipation. Would not Tom talk to him?

Tom knew better than to do so, but he said nothing and pondered. He was aware of all that his wife had told him and more too. He was pretty well convinced that Charley was beginning to gamble a little, and he had his suspicions of one or two of the card playing associates of the young fellow. But what was he to do? Speaking to some people always makes them worse. This *mauvais sujet* was one of that kind. Tom had no influence over him. This he explained to Mrs. Grenville.

"You see, Charley thinks me a muff in some things. He don't care for boating or ball as I do, and as I play a poor game of billiards, and don't request any restaurant landlord to fill the flowing bowl very often, I have no particular title to his respect. No doubt Mason's billiard marker stands higher than I do with Charley. He'll get over that, of course, as he grows older; that is if bad habits don't get fixed upon him. But something ought to be done now, I see. If I only knew some way to get a 'pull' on him."

Here, suddenly, the old adage, "*fight fire with fire*," flashed upon his mind, and, seeing that the tears were quietly falling upon his wife's crochet work, he kissed them cheerily away, telling her that he had thought of "something," which indefinite information quite elated Mrs. Grenville, who had unbounded faith in her husband. This indefinite "something" afterwards developed itself into a subtle and diabolical plot, not against, but for Charley Wilson's future happiness.

Tom's statement of his brother-in-law's opinion of him was correct enough, save that he did not give Charley credit for a certain veneration he entertained for Grenville's bodily prowess. Young men almost invariably admire physical strength, even if they do not possess or desire to cultivate it themselves; and Tom Grenville was captain of the champion first nine and stroke oar of his boat club, could "put up" the hundred pound bell in the gymnasium and vault higher than the professor himself. But, though fast enough at running bases, in other things, according to Charley's estimate, he was "slow." He couldn't play billiards well; though never possibly take too much wine or be incapacitated to make a night of it; spent most of his evenings at home reading and seldom played cards. For all these traits Charley had become, by the example and teaching of his older associates, imbued with a perfect contempt. In fact, he was in a very ticklish position. He had started down that hill whose travelers present a vivid example of accelerated motion, and it was high time that the drag should be put on.

If Charley had known all about his brother-in-law, he could have been aware that ten years ago, when he (Charley) was a small boy at school, Tom was investigating matters very closely, under cover of nightfall, in the metropolis, and that, although he had come out undefiled, yet he had touched enough pitch to know the article for life. One little incident in Tom's life would, if known to Charley, have explained some remarkable occurrences which took place at his brother-in-law's house one night, soon after the conversation that we have just detailed. Several years before the date of our story, Tom was walking along the dock late one night, when he was attracted by a splashing in the water, and saw a man struggling frantically to save himself. There was a boat tied at the wharf. Tom cut the painter, jumped into it, and, by a vigorous shove, reached the struggler, whose hair he caught, and dragged him into the boat. The thing was easily done, and without danger to him; but the saved man chose to be very grateful, being, perhaps, doubtful concerning his next place of residence, was a gambler, who, had he been left to himself, had staggered into the river while doing a moonlight reconnoitre. This advantage accrued to Tom from the rescue. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, he wished to know the various tricks of the gambling trade. These his grateful friend explained, and he very soon learned to manipulate a pack to suit himself. This accomplishment, in which he had become rusty for want of practice, was very soon regained at any desired time.

Shortly after Tom's "something" took definite shape in his mind, the two men met, and Tom said:—

"Mary has gone away for a month, and I've discharged the servants, and eat at a restaurant. It's rather lonely sleeping by myself in the house, and I'd like to have you come up and stay to-night, and we'll have a good time. I feel just like it."

Charles was a good-natured fellow and consented.

When he came that night Tom seemed in high spirits, and saying again that he felt like having a good time, proposed brandy. Charley caught at the chance of getting a good joke on his staid brother-in-law, so he accepted. Tom lit a fresh cigar, and saying briefly, "I don't often drink, but when I do I want it strong," poured out about a third of a goblet full and passed the bottle to his guest, who, of course, "drank fair," with an inward chuckle. The dose seemed to take almost instant effect on Tom's brain, for he produced a pack of cards and proposed a game of "bluff." Charley chuckled again. Here was another chance for a joke. He'd lead Tom on to bet, and, having no money, would return it with a mild lecture in the morning.

So the fun began, Tom losing steadily, forcing the drinking, always taking strong doses, and compelling Charley to follow suit. But what chance had the hot-brain of twenty-one against the seasoned one of thirty? Tom had been noted, when sowing his wild oats, for a hardhead, and had carried himself steadily on occasions of heavy weather. Soon many reasons fell down before the tempest, and, as Charley became fuddled, his luck changed. First he lost his winnings—then all the money he had with him—then he began to give I. O. U.'s—then he went heavy "blinds," and betted largely on weak hands and lost. Finally, the conviction which had been flickering around him for some time, that he was making a fool of himself, became a dim certainty.

So, arising unsteadily, he muttered indistinctly that it was time to go to bed, and tacked out of the room. Tom following quietly was surprised to see him stop near the front door, sit down on a chair, and pull off a boot; slowly rising he hung it by one of the straps on the hall coat rack; sitting down again, with much labor, he pulled the other boot off, and made a similar deposit of it. He then proceeded systematically to divest himself of and hang up every article of clothing, being particularly careful that no two articles hung on the same hook, and then, finding nothing more possible to take off, he quietly down upon the front door mat, and was immediately sound asleep. To let him lie there would never do, of course, so Tom carried him up to his room and tucked him carefully in.

The next morning, after a walk and a bath which freshened him up amazingly, he woke Charley. The young gentleman, on being aroused, remembered that the night before he had been very tipsy, and remembering also that Tom had "drank fair," he was of course certain that Tom must have been in a deplorable state. So he said, patronizingly—

"How do you feel this morning, Tom?"

"Deuced bad," replied Tom, with a comical grimace.

"I thought so. Shouldn't go it so strong when you aint used to it."

"I know it," groaned Tom, humbly, "but you'll want to get up, so I'll go."

And he went into the next room and listened. He heard a plunge into the bath, then a brisk walk to and fro, then a hurried step—then a vigorous opening and shutting of drawers—then a cry of "Tom! Tom!" and he presented himself.

"Tom, I can't find my clothes; I've been robbed."

Tom represented that as nothing else had been taken, the robbery was a peculiar one, to say the least. "Besides," said he, "the windows are all fastened, and the door was locked this morning."

"Why," said Charley, drawing an awfully long bow, "I locked the door just before I came up last night."

However, the clothes were certainly gone. So, lamenting the loss of his watch and keys, Charley put on a suit of his brother-in-law's clothing, two sizes too large, and came down to breakfast. As he stepped down the last step of the stairs, the astounding vision met his eye of all his own clothing, spread carefully out on hooks, as if to dry. He was petrified at first, but finally recovered sufficiently to falter some indistinct questions. How Tom did laugh!

"Why," he said, "You took the hall for your bed-rood, undressed and went to sleep on the mat, so I carried you up and put you to bed—after you'd locked the front door, you know."

Charley was extremely crestfallen, but couldn't help laughing. After breakfast he received another shock. Tom said, "There's no hurry about that money, Charley; pay when it's convenient."

"What money?"

"Why, don't you remember what you lost last night at bluff? Your due-bills; here they are!" And Charley, to his horror, saw a large amount of money, shakily certified by him as due to his brother-in-law. He leaned his head upon his hand and felt very much depressed. In the meantime, Tom, who was shuffling a pack of cards, dealt mechanically, apparently, a hand to Charley, doing it so carelessly that Charley saw the faces of the cards; then he dealt a hand to himself and continued to shuffle the cards. A thought struck Charley. "How much do those due-bills amount to? $1 514? Well, I'll bet you double or quits on them on these hands you just dealt."

"Very well," said Tom, quietly, "you can raise the amount if you wish."

"Will you double up on it?" asked Charley.

"Yes."

Then Charley turned over his hand triumphantly. I hold four kings!"

Tom pushed long and low. "*They're not good*," he said.

"Not good?" and Charley made a plunge at Tom's hand and lo! he *held four aces*.

Then Tom roared and threw Charley's due-bills into the grate. Then he explained to him that he had no chance with a man who knew the backs of the cards as well as the faces. Then he told him that he had certain information (through his gambling friend) that at least one of those men with whom he played for small stakes was a blackleg. Then he showed him that same night he might very possibly take too much wine or be incensed and lose his head; and that the consequences might be serious, "for Crossman wouldn't treat your due-bills as I just did." And finally, he advised him to quietly drop his ineligible acquaintances and lead a more manly, reputable life.

Charley Wilson was peculiar. The day before he would have called such a discourse "a sermon by his slow brother-in-law." But coming as it now did from a man who had just out drank and out-played him, and yet who showed in what slight esteem he held such accomplishments, it sank deeply into his mind, and was the beginning of the influence which Tom Grenville obtained and used on him, to draw him into a better walk and conversation.

Let the reader now settle whether Tom was wrong or right in "fighting fire with fire."

A VENTURESOME ADVENTURE.—Ruedli's Garden, a dance house of the lowest order, in St. Louis, was broken up by the police last week. As the officers rushed in, the revellers, taken by surprise, stopped for a moment, and then the women began to scream and run to the doors and windows, while the men rushed pell mell over the benches, and many of them succeeded in climbing through the open windows before the officers could head them off. There are five or six windows to the room, about eight or ten feet from the floor. One man seized three women, and pushed them headlong, one at a time, through a window, regardless of the consequences, and trusting that their hoops would break the fall.

☞ Holloway's Ointment and Pills, subjected to the test of public opinion and public trial for over thirty years, have now the verdict, universally acknowledged the only realiable family remedies in existence.

A GOOD instance of absence of mind was that of an editor quoting from a rival paper one of his own articles, and heading it "Wretched attempt at wit."

HAUNTED BY A SHADOW;

OR,

Mr. Cadaverous Crotchet and His Precious Reliques.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It is now some little time since the professional purlieus of Gotham—that bustling metropolis in which all the lights and shades of life are broadly reflected—acknowledged the existence of a mysterious presence with regard to whose corporeal entity doubts were encouraged, but to whose vitality in some form there can be no controversy, for many yet live who have seen and conversed with it, and have even been subjected to inconvenience by its visits. It came to us one pleasant morning as we lounged over the miscellaneous contents of the Antiquarian Bookstore in search of an original "Dunlap," in the shape of a tall, wiry man, whose bones, although concealed by a faded morning gown and some ill-fitting clothing, might almost be heard to rattle in their integuments. "Stuff and rubbish!" said the shadow—who, being himself one, could cast no reflection, and the tread of whose footstep was not audible—"there's not a reliable authority in the entire collection. You should see my choice specimens; every one of them are heirlooms of some by-gone celebrity, and all unimpeachable originals."

"Such an opportunity I have often longed for," I said, as I recognized in the speaker the lineaments of Mr. Cadaverous Crotchet, the eccentric collector of curiosities and antiques, whom I had frequently met in the company of veteran bricks at the various "shades houses" between Thames street and Houston, and who was currently reported to have been intimate with all the professional celebrities of the entire collection. "You have been aware that ten years ago, when he (Charley) was a small boy at school, Tom was investigating matters very closely, under cover of nightfall, in the metropolis, and that, although he had come out undefiled, yet he had touched enough pitch to know the article for life. One little incident in Tom's life would, if known to Charley, have explained some remarkable occurrences which took place at his brother-in-law's house one night, soon after the conversation that we have just detailed. Several years before the date of our story, Tom was walking along the dock late one night, when he was attracted by a splashing in the water, and saw a man struggling frantically to save himself. There was a boat tied at the wharf. Tom cut the painter, jumped into it, and, by a vigorous shove, reached the struggler, whose hair he caught, and dragged him into the boat. The thing was easily done, and without danger to him; but the saved man chose to be very grateful, being, perhaps, doubtful concerning his next place of residence, was a gambler, who, had he been left to himself, had staggered into the river while doing a moonlight reconnoitre. This advantage accrued to Tom from the rescue. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, he wished to know the various tricks of the gambling trade. These his grateful friend explained, and he very soon learned to manipulate a pack to suit himself. This accomplishment, in which he had become rusty for want of practice, was very soon regained at any desired time.

Shortly after Tom's "something" took definite shape in his mind, the two men met, and Tom said:—

"Mary has gone away for a month, and I've discharged the servants, and eat at a restaurant. It's rather lonely sleeping by myself in the house, and I'd like to have you come up and stay to-night, and we'll have a good time. I feel just like it."

Charles was a good-natured fellow and consented.

When he came that night Tom seemed in high spirits, and saying again that he felt like having a good time, proposed brandy. Charley caught at the chance of getting a good joke on his staid brother-in-law, so he accepted. Tom lit a fresh cigar, and saying briefly, "I don't often drink, but when I do I want it strong," poured out about a third of a goblet full and passed the bottle to his guest, who, of course, "drank fair," with an inward chuckle. The dose seemed to take almost instant effect on Tom's brain, for he produced a pack of cards and proposed a game of "bluff." Charley chuckled again. Here was another chance for a joke. He'd lead Tom on to bet, and, having no money, would return it with a mild lecture in the morning.

So the fun began, Tom losing steadily, forcing the drinking, always taking strong doses, and compelling Charley to follow suit. But what chance had the hot-brain of twenty-one against the seasoned one of thirty? Tom had been noted, when sowing his wild oats, for a hardhead, and had carried himself steadily on occasions of heavy weather. Soon many reasons fell down before the tempest, and, as Charley became fuddled, his luck changed. First he lost his winnings—then all the money he had with him—then he began to give I. O. U.'s—then he went heavy "blinds," and betted largely on weak hands and lost. Finally, the conviction which had been flickering around him for some time, that he was making a fool of himself, became a dim certainty.

So, arising unsteadily, he muttered indistinctly that it was time to go to bed, and tacked out of the room. Tom following quietly was surprised to see him stop near the front door, sit down on a chair, and pull off a boot; slowly rising he hung it by one of the straps on the hall coat rack; sitting down again, with much labor, he pulled the other boot off, and made a similar deposit of it. He then proceeded systematically to divest himself of and hang up every article of clothing, being particularly careful that no two articles hung on the same hook, and then, finding nothing more possible to take off, he quietly down upon the front door mat, and was immediately sound asleep. To let him lie there would never do, of course, so Tom carried him up to his room and tucked him carefully in.

The next morning, after a walk and a bath which freshened him up amazingly, he woke Charley. The young gentleman, on being aroused, remembered that the night before he had been very tipsy, and remembering also that Tom had "drank fair," he was of course certain that Tom must have been in a deplorable state. So he said, patronizingly—

"How do you feel this morning, Tom?"

"Deuced bad," replied Tom, with a comical grimace.

"I thought so. Shouldn't go it so strong when you aint used to it."

"I know it," groaned Tom, humbly, "but you'll want to get up, so I'll go."

And he went into the next room and listened. He heard a plunge into the bath, then a brisk walk to and fro, then a hurried step—then a vigorous opening and shutting of drawers—then a cry of "Tom! Tom!" and he presented himself.

"Tom, I can't find my cloth

AQUATICS.

AQUATICS IN JAPAN.

RACE BETWEEN THE SECOND CUTTER OF THE U. S. S. ONEIDA AND THE FIRST CUTTER OF H. M. S. ZEBRA FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

U. S. S. ONEIDA, HOGO, JAPAN, July 5, 1868.

FRIEND CLIPPER.—* * * * * * *

Everything is very quiet here. The only relief for the monotony has been two boat races between our second cutter and H. M. S. Zebra (which is the champion of four races). The following is a description taken from the *Hiogo News*:—"On Tuesday last the U. S. S. Oneida's second cutter crossed the bows of H. M. S. Zebra and tossed their oars, thus challenging the crew of the latter to a race. The challenge was promptly accepted, and the following terms were agreed upon:—The boats to race on Monday, June 22d, at 5 P. M., the boats to start from a boat anchored between the two ships, and pull around a stakeboat anchored two and a half nautical miles distant and back, for the sum of $100. At a few minutes before 5 P. M. both boats were manned by their respective crews and pulled to the point of departure. The Oneida's boat was painted black, and the men were dressed in blue, whilst their opponents' boat was white, and the crew dressed in the same color, which was very favorable in distinguishing their position during the entire race. The umpires were on board the steam launch belonging to the French ship Duplex, and accompanied the contestants over the course. A little before 5 o'clock a gun from the launch gave notice for preparation, and was soon followed by another to start. The last gun was fired at 5:3:33. Both boats started off beautifully, the Oneida leading, but before reaching the Zebra the latter's boat had overhauled and passed her opponent, which drew forth vociferous cheers from their shipmates who were clustered in the rigging. The Oneida's rigging was filled with her men, who also cheered to encourage their companions, who, although they had never pulled a race, had the courage to run against the champions of four races, and I believe the fastest cutter in the English squadron. The backers of the English boat were elated at this advantage, and offered bets freely, which were readily taken up by the officers of the Oneida, who were not to be disheartened by all their talk and the slight advantage the boat had gained. The Zebras held their own until they were within a few hundred yards of the stakeboat, when the Oneidas were seen to close upon her, and rounded the stakeboat thirty seconds before their opponents. This drew forth cheers from the Oneida ship's crew and their backers, who then offered to give odds on their boat, but found no takers. The Oneidas continued to gain slowly until the race ended in 5:56:50, the Zebra's time being 5:57:45, being 55 seconds behind.

The coxswain of the Zebra's boat handed to our coxswain a small manufactured chicken cock as their trophy. This cock seems to have had an eventful life of it; it was won from the Hartford by the Princess Royal, who lost it to H. M. S. Ocean, who in time had to hand it over to the Zebra, and was won from them by a boat pulling their first race, and by them will be held until some faster boat takes it away. Although our boat beat them so badly they still thought they could beat our boat and challenged us to try it over again on the 1st of July, which was quickly accepted on the same terms. The 1st of July being stormy it was postponed until the next fair day, but as this is the rainy season, and not knowing how long they would have to wait, it was agreed to run on the 3d, rain or shine. On the 3d of July the weather cleared up, the heavy clouds that for days had covered the hill tops had cleared away, and blue sky could be seen here and there, denoting a change for the better; the waters of the bay were perfectly calm, with not a ripple to be seen on its surface. At 2 P. M. a boat from the Zebra came along side to state their readiness to pull at 5 P. M. The race was for the same amount as last time, and the distance the same. Outside bets between officers and crews of both ships and citizens on shore amounted to $11,000, although we had to give two to one and in some instances as high as four to one on our boat. A little before 5 P. M. a gun was fired from the launch which was the starting point for preparation, and the boats were not long in making their appearance, both crews looking well and full of confidence. At 5 P. M. the last gun was fired and away they went in splendid style, our boat darting ahead and taking the lead, the Englishmen pressing their opponents closely, and it was evident that both boats meant business. Our men were determined to beat them worse than last time, and the Englishmen were confident we could not beat them a second time. Cheer upon cheer rent the air from both ships and the excitement was as intense as at the first race. Slowly and surely our boat increased the distance between them, both boats making for the stake-boat; and, steering strait as an arrow, our boat rounded 15 seconds ahead, and continued to gain slowly. On approaching the winning post long and loud cheers went up from both ships and the shore and our boat dashed in ahead the winner by 43 seconds. Time, Oneida, 40 minutes 22 seconds; Zebra, 41 minutes 5 seconds. At the conclusion of the race the Zebra's crew were invited on board and well entertained.

YOKAHAMA, July 24, 1868.

**** To-day our second cutter is to race the Skenandoah's boat, which has been the champion in the east ever since she has been on the station, which has been for the last thirty months. I wish I could delay your letter until after the race, so I could write you what success we have, but as the mail closes this noon I will have to close without it. However, I will write you next mail. F.

BOATING IN CANADA.

On Tuesday, 18th ult., a timber tower's regatta was held at Quebec, C. E., for which the following boats entered:—Kate, Henrietta, Flirt, Dreadnaught, Fleetwing, Stonewall Jackson, Wilkes Booth, Union, Pomona, Margaret, Young Republic, Emma, Sillery Lass, Wild Irish Girl, Nameless, Lone Star, Colleen Bawn, Sunny South. The weather was very fine—rather too fine for a sailing match, the wind not being sufficiently strong to fill the sails. The course selected for the race was round the Beaumont buoy and back to the Commissioners' wharf. A steamer left the wharf at noon with a large number of passengers, of both sexes, to witness the race. They started at 12.15 precisely, and indeed a very fair one. The Flirt took the lead, closely followed by the Nameless, the remainder of the boats a short distance behind. No interest was manifested until the boats reached the buoy, which was rounded in the following order:—Nameless, Flirt, Fleetwing, Stone Wall Jackson, Sunny South and Dreadnaught. The contest remained between the above named boats, as the rest did not round the buoy owing to change of tide and no wind. On the return the boats merely drifted, so no opportunity was afforded to test the sailing qualities of the boats. It was really a pity that the wind was not strong, as the best crafts in the timber-towing service were entered, and the citizens being on the look-out for some excellent sport, which every one expected the day before. The arrival at the winning post was as follows:—

	Hrs.	Min.	Sec.		Hrs.	Min.	Sec.
Nameless	5	21	03	Fleetwing	5	23	00
Flirt	5	22	15	Sunny South	5	29	00
Wilkes Booth	5	24	30	Dreadnaught	5	32	00

The following is the list of prizes awarded to the winning boats:—"Nameless, $35; Flirt, $28; Wilkes Booth, $20; Fleetwing, $18; Sunny South, $15; Dreadnaught, $12.

On the day following a bateau race took place over the same course. The weather for sailing purposes was much more favorable for the bateau owners than for the Timber crews. Regatta of the day prior, a strong westerly wind prevailing. The start was made from the Commissioners' wharf, which was crowded with spectators. Every bateau was well handled. The St. Joseph, entered by F. Menard, rounded the Beaumont buoy first, closely followed by the St. James' Street Lass, the Victoria third, Mr. Flynn's Red Bird fourth, Sillery Cove, entered by C. Dube, fifth, Wilkes Booth sixth, and Shaw's Frank seventh. It soon became apparent that the Sillery Cove was to be the winning bateau, for, before a mile was made, after rounding the buoy, she came to the front, and kept that position until she reached the winning post at the Commissioners' wharf, at about 6 o'clock, the others as follows:—Victoria second, St. Joseph third, Wilkes Booth fourth, Frank fifth, St. James' Street Lass sixth, and Red Bird seventh.

OTTAWA REGATTA.

The boat race for the championship of Canada, which took place on August 22d, was a beautiful one, and was won by R. H. Haycock, of Ottawa, C. W., as briefly noticed in our last, who pulled stroke in the "Edrol," which won the four-oared inlagged race at Toronto on the 10th. The following is the time of the different competitors:—

R. H. Haycock	15:38
F. Johnston (champion of Lach ne)	15:28
R. Dining, Jr.	15:30
—Hoadley	15:55
R. Berry (colored)	23:00

It is said that Berry broke a row-lock, which was the cause of his being so far behind. The distance was two miles.

The double scull race, for boats not outrigged, two miles, for a purse of $50, was contended for by the following crews:—The Spray (Brockville), J. Hoody and S. Grist; Emma (Toronto), R. W. Parkinson and A. W. Parkinson; Enchantress (Toronto), G. Dinning and R. Dinning; Toronto, R. Berry (colored) and Dernan; Elma (Ottawa), R. H. Haycock and W. H. Cotton. The Toronto came in first, followed by the Emma and Enchantress, the Brockville boat last.

The single scull race was won by F. Johnston, R. Berry second. Berry entered a protest against the race being decided in Johnston's favor. After the races, Berry, of Toronto, offered to row Johnston for Lachine, for $100, on the 21th. The challenge, however, had not been taken up at last advices.

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—Harry Kelley publishes the following card in *Bell's Life* of August 15th:—

Sir—If James Percy, of Newcastle, is of the same opinion he expressed at the recent Thames National Regatta—that he would row me from the High Level Bridge to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, for £20 a side—he can be accommodated by sending a deposit to *Bell's Life* and articles to me, at the Bells, Putney. The race to come off in two weeks from the first deposit. Or Joseph Sadler, of Surbiton, can be treated with on the same terms, time and place. With regard to the challenge of the self-styled Champion of the Thames, James Randford, I can only say that the last time I contended with the best man the Tyne ever produced, the late lamented Robert Chambers, it was for the Championship of England, and as such I still hold that proud title. Therefore, if the would-be Champion is an aspirant to that position, I will meet him on the usual terms, from Putney to Mortlake, for £200 a side, within three months from signing articles. If neither of these challenges is accepted within a fortnight, it is useless to have any more paper talk, as these are my terms, and none others. I am, sir, yours, &c.,

H. KELLEY, Champion of England.

Rainford has replied to the above, saying nothing against Kelley's offer to row on the Thames, but repeating his proposition to row on the Tyne or "neutral water," at a King's Lynn, and to allow the Thames man £20 for expenses in the event of his consenting to row on the Northern river. He objects to Kelley terming him the "self-styled champion," but signs himself "Champion of England," a title which the Thames Regatta Committee did not presume to confer, even when they announced their scullers' race as for the championship of the Thames.

SCULLING ON THE NIAGARA.—A five mile race took place on the Niagara river on the afternoon of the 3d inst., between Alexander Tolsma and Dad Marvin, pulling two miles and a half up the river, against a seven mile current, through the rapids and around Bird Island Reef and return. Heavy clinker boats were used, and the race was won by Tolsma in 43 minutes 57 seconds, five seconds ahead of his opponent, although laboring under the disadvantage of the heaviest boat and the staving in of his bow against the rocks on crossing the rest. Much money changed hands on the result. The betting was in favor of Tolsma. For half a mile over the reef the current is fully ten miles an hour.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.—A cable telegram, dated August 31st, states that Captain Baldwin, of the yacht Sappho, has challenged the yacht Alice, and that the challenge has been accepted. The details of the race were not then agreed upon. The Cambria, which came in first in the recent race around the Isle of Wight, has gone to Spain and will not return for some time. Captain Baldwin, therefore, challenged the Alice, which was second in the last race, and only two minutes behind the Cambria.

NEW BOATS.—Stephen Roberts, the well known boating architect of this city, recently forwarded a six-oared shell, of Spanish cedar, 50 feet long and 22 inches wide, to a club in Savannah, Ga., and the recipients were so well pleased with her that they have sent an order for a four, which will be 47 feet in length, 20 inches wide and 8 inches deep. He also forwarded a new four-oared shell, of Spanish cedar, to St. John, N. B., a few days ago. She is 20 inches wide and 46 feet long, and is made to steer without a coxswain. She will take part in the regatta arranged to come off on the 10th inst. A shell has likewise just been completed at this establishment for young Jerome, at West Point, 31 feet long and 14 inches wide.

F PRIZE SCULLING.—A race for a silver cup took place in Portland Harbor on the afternoon of the 29th ult. Only three of the five entered appeared, viz., Gould, Keazer, and Dresse. For the first quarter they kept about even, when they separated, Dresse dropping a little astern of Gould and Keazer, who still remained close together. When off Custom House Wharf Gould fouled Keazer; after clearing each other Keazer drew ahead, arriving at the goal, leading Gould some two boat lengths. Dresse was that distance astern of Gould. The race was very interesting and closely contested throughout.

BASE BALL.

ECKFORD vs. IRVINGTON.

The home and home game of the match between these clubs came off at the Union Ground on the 1st inst. Notwithstanding the small score and the short time in which it was played, the contest was rather uninteresting. The Eckfords were short of Martin and Alidson, their pitcher and first baseman. Davenport, formerly of the Mohawks, took the former's place, and pitched with considerable effect, while Malone filled the latter's position. The batting of the Eckfords was very light, and their fielding not of the strongest kind. The Irvingtons had out their full nine, including Mills, who has been so much talked of in connection with the Mutual Club. The batting of the Irvingtons was also very light, Davenport's delivery proving quite a stumbling block to them. They fielded somewhat better than their opponents, however, and in this respect carried off the honors. In the fourth innings M. Campbell made a sharp double play. He stopped a ball batted by Patterson while Davenport was on first, passed it to second, and it being returned by Robertson, the doubling up process was nicely performed. Wood did something in the same line in the seventh innings, taking a fly ball from J. Campbell's bat and getting it back to second before Bailey, who had started for third, could return. In the ninth innings Nelson and Malone also took a hand in the doubling up business. Nelson caught Lines out on a fly, while Robertson was on first, and, passing the ball to Malone, got it there before the latter could get back. Following is the score:—

ECKFORD.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.
Patterson, 1 f	2	3	0	0	
Wood, 2d b	3	1	1	3	
Brown, 3d b	4	1	0	2	
Eggler, c f	5	0	0	1	
Nelson, s s	1	4	0	1	
Hodes, c	2	2	1	3	
Malone, 1st b	2	0	3	3	
Holmes, r f	4	0	1	2	
Davenport, p	4	1	0	0	
Totals	27	12	6	15	

IRVINGTON.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.
M. Campbell, 1st b	2	2	0	0	
Mills, s s	4	0	0	1	
Lewis, 2d b	2	2	0	1	
H. Campbell, p	4	0	0	1	
Robertson, c	2	1	1	3	
Eaton, r f	4	0	0	0	
Lines, 1 f	3	1	0	3	
Bailey, c f	3	0	0	2	
J. Campbell, 3d b	3	0	0	1	
Totals	27	6	1	13	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eckford	0	2	4	0	0	4	1	1	0	12
Irvington	1	0	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	6

Home runs—Patterson, 1. Out on bases—Eckford, 6; Irvington, 4. Foul bound catches—Eckford, 7. Struck out—M. Campbell, 1; Eggler, 1. Outs on foul balls—Eckford, 12; Irvington, 14. Umpire—Mr. Swandel, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Watson and Chapman. Time of game—One hour and fifty minutes.

KNICKERBOCKER vs. EXCELSIOR.

At the Capitoline Ground, on the 1st inst., those old-time clubs met together in social reunion. It was not a first nine game, neither was it a second nine contest; it was a meeting between the veterans of the two clubs, and, as will be seen by the names in the subjoined score, quite a number of the old boys were on hand. Old Joe Leggett, once the famous catcher of the Excelsiors, captained his side in masterly style. Davis—not that man, but another one—was the master spirit of the Knicks, and so well did he handle his men that he quite surprised his opponents. The game opened rather favorably for the Excelsiors and "Old Joe" was radiant with smiles; but pretty soon Davis opened a masked battery on his opponents, and in the fourth, sixth and seventh innings added no less than 40 runs to his score. This was too much for the veteran Excelsior, and he gracefully "acknowledged the corn," and invited the conquerors to the club-house, where a sumptuous repast had been prepared for the hungry ones. Ample justice was done to the edibles and bibibles, and the hour or two was passed in living over old times. The contestants separated with mutual cheers, evidently well pleased with the day's sport. The score follows:—

EXCELSIOR.	H.	L.	R.
Leggett, c	1	4	
Moore, 1 b	1	4	
Wyckoff, 2d b	4	1	
Watson, r f	2	2	
Richards, c f	3	2	
Russell, p	1	4	
Cornwell, s s	1	0	
Young, 3d b	5	0	
Whiting, 1st b	1	3	
*Samuel," r f	2	1	
Totals	25		

KNICKERBOCKER.	H.	L.	R.
Davis, p	2	5	
Hinsdale, c	1	7	
Bensel, 3d b	3	4	
Slote, r f	3	5	
Kissam, 1 f	3	4	
Purdy, 1st b	3	6	
Richter, s s	1	6	
Baldwin, r f	2	5	
McDonald, 2d b	1	6	
Schack, c	3	4	
Total	51		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Excelsior	0	7	2	1	0	0	3			8—25
Knickerbocker	5	2	3	10	1	2	3	10		10—51

Umpire—Mr. Chadwick, of the National. Scorers—Messrs. Baker and Bell. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

MUTUAL vs. HARLEM.

The game between these clubs on the 24 inst. was sharply contested for the first five innings. Both sides fielded capitally, and the result was a score of five to four, with the Harlems in advance by one run. In the balance of the game the Mutuals, thinking it was about time to get to work, batted fiercely and scored 21 runs. The Harlems, in the meantime, could only muster 8—the Mutuals having improved in the field as well as at the bat. The grand total was 25 to 12. Murray and Brady, of the Harlems, succeeded in putting out seventeen players between them. They also doubled up Devyr and Swandel in the eighth innings. Of the Mutuals, C. Hunt and Eckly, who were substituted in place of Wolters and Galvin, played well, the former leading the batting score. Below we give the score:—

HARLEM.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.
Oaten, c f	1	3	1	0	
Crocker, 1 f	4	1	0	4	
Murray, 2d b	3	2	0	2	
Speer, r f	5	0	1	0	
Thompson, p	3	2	0	0	
Helms, c	2	1	0	2	
Brady, 1st b	5	0	0	1	
Stearns, 3d b	0	4	0	1	
Myers, s s	4	0	0	1	
Totals	27	13	4	9	

MUTUAL.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.
McMahon, 1 f	3	2	0	3	
Dockney, c	5	2	0	3	
Hunt, c f	1	5	1	1	
Pike, 1st b	3	3	1	2	
Stoakman, s s	4	3	0	1	
Kelly, r f	3	3	0	1	
Devyr, 3d b	1	4	1	1	
Swandel, p	3	2	1	1	
Flanly, 2d b	3	3	2	2	
Totals	27	25	5	14	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Harlem	0	0	1	3	1	3				1—12
Mutual	1	1	1	1	0	3	8	8	8	2—25

Home runs—Osten, 1; McMahon, 1; Hunt, 2; Devyr, 2. Out on bases—Harlem, 9; Mutual, 15. Foul bound catches—Helms, 3; Dockney, 1; Devyr, 1. Struck out—Myers, 2. Out on foul balls—Harlem, 7; Mutual, 4. Umpire—Mr. Ferguson, of the Atlantic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Chips and Dongan. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

ORIENTAL vs. AMERICUS.

The Orientals of New York gained a decided victory over the Yorkville Club on the 1st inst., in a game at Mount Morris square. The New Yorkers battled fiercely all through the game and rather astonished the Yorkvillans by their way of doing things with the willow. Their fielding was not of the best description, however, excepting in the first four innings. The Americus Club is a new senior organization and has some excellent material in its nine. Woodsworth, Roberts, McCabe and Manson deserve mention for good general play, the former taking two foul flies in capital style. Of the Orientals, L. Miller, "Hartley" and J. Miller excelled in their respective positions. The former took three nine balls, red hot from the bat. Pennington, Bunting and Molloe are also worthy of mention for their efforts in the field. The score follows:—

AMERICUS.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.
Manson, 2d b	5	2	0	0	
Smith, p	3	3	0	0	
Shelly, r f	5	2	0	0	
McClymons, s s	2	3	0	0	
McCabe, c f	2	2	0	4	
Salisman, 3d b	4	1	0	0	
Woodsworth, c	4	1	0	0	
Roberts, 1st b	3	3	0	1	
Keller, l f	2	1	2	1	
Totals	27	18	2	12	

ORIENTAL.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.
L. Miller, 1st b	1	8	1	3	
Hartley, l f	5	0	0	3	
J. Miller, c	7	0	0	1	
Pennington, 3d b	3	6	1	2	
Bunting, 2d b	1	8	0	1	
McGee, p	4	4	1	3	
Molloe, s s	5	1	0	1	
Perine, c f	2	6	1	0	
Miles, r f	5	4	0	0	
Totals	27	54	5	14	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Americus	2	0	0	0	4	2	3	6	1	1—18
Oriental	12	13	0	5	10	5	1	0	1	2—49

Home runs—L. Miller, 1; Hartley, 1; J. Miller, 2; Pennington, 1; Bunting, 2; Milliken, 1; Perine, 2—10. Smith, 1; Roberts, 1—2. Umpire—Mr. Myers, of the Harlem Club. Scorers—Messrs. Linden and Rowau. Time of game—Two hours and forty-two minutes.

PRIZE GAME IN OHIO.

The Forest City and Railway Union Clubs, of Cleveland, met for the fourth time at the Association Grounds on Saturday, 29th ult., to contest for the prize bat and ball emblematic of the Championship of Western Reserve. In May last the R's vanquished the F. Cs. On the 4th of July the contest between them ended in a tie, and two or three weeks subsequent the latter club proved victorious, thus rendering necessary a fourth game to decide the matter. The weather was very pleasant, and quite a large number of lady and gentlemen admirers of the game gathered upon the ground. The subjoined score tells all necessary particulars:—

FOREST CITY.	H.	L.	R.
White, c	3	5	
Clark, 1st b	3	4	
H. Brown, 2d b	3	4	
Brown, 3d b	6	0	
Smith, s s	3	4	
Herse, r f	3	4	
Burt, c f	3	4	
Branch, l f	3	2	
C. Brown, p	3	3	
Total	32		

RAILWAY UNION.	H.	L.	R.
Mellon, r f	4	3	
Scotten, 3d b	6	0	
Riley, p	4	2	
Crumbie, 2d b	3	3	
Bouse, l f	5	2	
Phelan, 1st b	1	4	
Nichols, s s	3	2	
Sawyer, p	4	1	
Hosmer, c f	2	2	
Bradbeer, c f	3	3	
Lowe, c	3	3	
Total	25		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Forest City	6	10	3	2	1	2	0	6	2	2—32
Railway Union	1	4	3	2	2	3	1	6	3	3—25

Fly catches—White, 2; Johnson, 2; Smith, 2; Burt, 2; Branch, 1; total, Forest City, 13. Mellon, 2; Scotten, 1; Crumbie, 1; Bouse, 1; Phelan, 1; Quill, 2; Bradbeer, 2; Lowe, 4; total, Railway Union, 12. Foul bound catches—Phelan, 3. Double plays—Smith, Johnson and Clark, 1; by Smith and Clark, 1, and by Brown, Johnson and Clark, 1; total, Forest City, 3. Out on foul balls—Forest City, 6 times; Railway Union, 2 times. Umpire—Mr. C. L. Kennon, of the Maple City Club, of Norwalk, O. Scorers—Messrs. Dan Graham and H. Metton. Time of game—Three hours.

MATCH FOR A GOLD BALL.

The Ontario Club, of Oswego, N. Y., and the Fulton Club, of Fulton, played a match game for the gold ball and championship of central and western New York, on the grounds of the former, on the 1st inst. Much interest was taken in the contest and as the day was favorable a large number of spectators gathered upon the grounds. The general play of the Ontarios was good, and after the first two innings their batting was very heavy. Their fielding, also, except in the last innings, was creditable. Wadleigh, Dodge and Torrey, on the bases, Havill at short, Lewis at left, and Golden, the pitcher, did the best work. Cooper made a number of brilliant plays, but unfortunately received injury from a fall in the third innings which nearly disabled him. On the Fulton side Wesson, Barnes, Bettinger and Fancher played well in the field. In batting and infielding the Ontarios were decidedly superior to their opponents, but in the outfield the Fultons excelled. The result was a triumph for the Oswego boys, as will be observed by the annexed score:—

ONTARIO.	H.	L.	R.
Dodge, 2d b	1	7	
Torrey, 3d b	4	5	
Golden, p	5	5	
Lewis, l f	3	6	
Havill, s s	1	4	
Wadleigh, 1st b	7	1	
Cooper, c	4	4	
Mattoon, r f	3	5	
Parker, c f	2	6	
Total	42		

FULTON.	H.	L.	R.
Wasson, c f	0	2	
Esmond, s s	2	6	
Fancher, c	3	6	
Bettinger, 1st b	3	3	
Guthrie, 2d b	3	3	
Bigg, 3d b	3	4	
Cooper, c	1	4	
Barnes, r f	4	2	
Martin, p	3	5	
Total	24		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Ontario	1	0	3	7	5	7	8	8	3	42
Fulton	0	1	0	4	3	5	5	7	6	31

Fly catches—Cooper, 1; Lewis, 2; Parker, 1; Torrey, 1; Havill, 1—6. Fancher, 4; Martin, 2; Barnes, 3; Wasson, 4; Bettinger, 2; Esmond, 1—14. Base Play—Put out by Wadleigh, 15; Dodge, 3; assisted by Golden, 5 times; Havill, 3; Torrey, 2; Cooper, 2; Dodge, 3; Put out by Bettinger, 4; Guthrie, 3; Bigg, 1; assisted by Esmond, 2; Martin, 1; Fancher, 2; Bigg, 1. Balls called—Martin, 16; Guthrie, 7; Golden, 16. Passed balls—Cooper, 7; Fancher, 9. Umpire—Geo. A. Porter, of the Central City City Club. Scorers—A. B. Church and Geo. W. Burt.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF WISCONSIN.

The second game for the gold ball and championship of the State was played on the 27th ult., between the Capital City Club, of Madison, and Cream City Club, of Milwaukee, Wis. We give the result below, only six innings being played:—

CREAM CITY.	H.	L.	R.
Wood, 1st b	3	7	
McFadyen, s s	0	8	
Redington, c	4	6	
Wicks, 3d b	2	8	
Larsin, c f	2	7	
Dodsworth, r f	2	7	
Smith, p	2	7	
Wells, l f	2	8	
Norris, 2d b	1	8	
Total	21		

CAPITAL CITY.	H.	L.	R.
Lewis, c	4	3	
Fisher, 3d b	3	2	
Thorpe, c f	0	4	
Hopkins, 1st b	1	4	
Mead, r f	1	5	
Nichols, s s	3	2	
Sawyer, p	4	1	
Fisher, l f	2	2	
Parsons, 2d b	3	2	
Total	22		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	
Cream City	3	6	5	2	0	6	22—7
Capital City	3	6	3	2	5	4	23—6

Home runs—Cream City, 11; Capital City, 1. Bases on called balls—Cream City, 1; Capital City, 3. Out on bases—Cream City, 6; Capital City, 7. Missed by catches—Cream City, 2; Capital City, 5. Umpire—C. C. Danforth, of Whitewater Club. Scorers—Messrs. Allen, Jr. and Atwood. Time of game—Three hours and forty-five minutes.

THE ATHLETIC and Union clubs of Paterson, N. J., played a match on the 25th ult., which the former won by a score of 51 to 16.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WEST.

CINCINNATI vs. BUCKEYE.

The second game of the series between these well known clubs was played on the Union Grounds on Wednesday, the 2d. The first game, it will be remembered, was won by the Cincinnatis, May 23d, by a score of 23 to 10. There was an unprecedented excitement over this game, which was increased greatly by the rumors a day or two before the match that Hatfield had been induced to join the Buckeyes, and that Berthrong and Shields had been imported from Washington to assure the Buckeyes the victory. The Buckeyes paraded the strongest nine they have ever played, Brookshaw being their only western man; while the Red Stockings were minus Hatfield's splendid fielding, the latter not being allowed to play under the circumstances. Johnnie shed tears of vexation, and asserted that the tales about him were base slanders to prevent his playing. Grant was put in left field in his stead and did admirably.

Game commenced at three, sharp, the Cincinnatis in the field, and Sweazey at the willow. He sent a sharp grounder to Brainard at second, who passed it promptly to Gould, and Sweazey took his seat. Hurley sent a very small fly to How, who carelessly muffed it, and let Hurley make the Bucks' only run. Leonard hit well for first, but was fielded out by How at second when Berthrong struck. Doyle was put out by How's good throw to Gould at first. On the other side How retired by Sweazey's throw to Doyle. Harry Wright hit well for first and stole to third. Allison out on a foul. Gould drove a superb corker clear over McMullen at centre, bringing in Wright and making a home run. Brainard fouled out.

In the second innings the Bucks were whitewashed in short order, Brookshaw and McMullen hoisting high ones for How and King, and Shields sending a hot daisy cutter straight to Gould. The Red Stockings fared no better, Johnson going out at first, victim to Sweazey, and King and How on foul ups to Leonard, leaving Grant and Waterman on third and second.

In the next, Fisher, Sweazey, Leonard and Doyle scored, and Brookshaw and Doyle were left, Hurley, Berthrong and McMullen being taken on flies by King, How and Grant, the latter a splendid catch on the run. On the other side Wright made one, Gould and Brainard being fielded out at first by Berthrong and Sweazey, and Allison popping up a sky-rocket for "Sweaz." Score, 5 to 3 in favor of ye Bucks.

Innings four made the Buckeyes six, Sweazey coming in on a big crack of Hurley's to centre field, upon which he tried for a home run, but suffered at the home plate by good fielding of King, Brainard and Allison. Fisher went out at second and Leonard at first by How to throw. On the side of the Cincinnatis, Johnson, Grant, Waterman, King and Wright swelled their score to 8, How going out at first, Allison on the fly to Brookshaw, and Gould trying to steal second on Leonard.

In the fifth innings the Buckeyes received their second whitewash, Berthrong and McMullen being finely fielded out at first by Waterman, and Shields out on the fly to Gould; Doyle and Brookshaw left. The Cincinnatis, doubtless, anxious to act honorably, also retire with a second blank, Brainard and Johnson finding their balls batted to Berthrong ahead of them at first, and Grant popping up a little fellow for Doyle.

Sixth innings; Brainard and Wright change positions—Sweazey, Hurley and Leonard score on the strength of the change, Fisher out on a foul tip, Berthrong ditto, trying to steal to second, by Allison's beautiful throw to Wright, and Doyle out at first by How's throw. For the other side Waterman and King scored, How fielded out by Doyle, Wright by Sweazey and Doyle, and Gould by a long hit to centre, nicely taken by McMullen; Allison left.

Innings seventh sees Brookshaw and McMullen home, Shields victim at third to Allison's throw to Waterman, and Fisher and Hurley out at first by How. Brainard and Grant make a couple for the Red Stockings, Grant getting to third on a beautiful corker to left centre, Johnson fouls out, Sweazey takes a liner from King and then fields How out at first, Waterman glued to third.

Harry Wright went back to pitching in the eighth innings. Leonard makes the Buckeye score stand 12 by scoring on a hit muffed by Johnson. Berthrong out on a fly superbly taken by Grant; Waterman picked up Doyle's grounder and lets Gould have it; Brookshaw raises one which falls into Gould's delicate grasp. The Cincinnatis took a batting streak, and Fisher's paikhans were scattered in every direction—Wright, Johnson, Gould, Allison, Waterman and King, making the boys in white 18 from 12. Brainard, Grant and Wright were the outs on tip fouls and at first.

Innings ninth and last witnessed the third whitewash of "ye imported," Shields and McMullen being left. Fisher and Sweazey went out at first, Fish on the fly, and Hurley at second. On the other side Allison and Gould got home on good hits. Brainard and Johnson's flies were clutched by McMullen at centre, bringing in Wright and making a home run. Brainard fouled out.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Sept. 7, 1868.

NEW YORK can no more do without its sensation than Joe Grimshaw can do without his "tea and tansey" when the bright barbinger of day calls him from his virtuous couch. The "Black Crook" had its day, and a long day it was, too; the "White Fawn" followed suit, and "Humpty Dumpty" came tumbling after, and although the latter is still attracting crowds of delighted patrons, yet a fresh sensation has dawned upon us, threatening to create a revolution in the amusement world. A star has suddenly appeared among us, and already thousands have sought him out in his privacy to do him honor, and see the elephant. "His name is John Allen—he lives at 304 Water street," and his public performances have gained for him the envious title of "The Wickedest Man in New York." Those who used to go to Niblo's to see Manager Wheatley's dancing divinities, now, since the withdrawal of Wheatley and his leg exposers, frequent the establishment managed by John Allen to see the veritable bare dancers who were wont to set that house in a *furore* when the "Wickedest" was in his prime, and the girls shook a lively leg. Yes, beloved brethren, Water street has taken the wind out of the sails of Broadway, and where but a few scores can be found to worship at the shrine of Niblo's *matinees*, brother Allen's chapel is daily crowded from pit to dome by highly fashionable and appreciative audiences. Even "Foul Play," with all its foulness, is eclipsed by the house where such foul play has been the rule for seasons past; and brother Allen's chapel is now the beacon light which shows the weary wanderer the better way, while the twinkling stars in that haven who erstwhile dide't light the ancient mariner to the spot where he could find "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink," now rest from their labors, and dance not, neither do they spin yarns any more. Truly the great attraction of the day is "The Wickedest," for all classes pay him homage; his *matinees* are the talk of the town, and no charge for admittance. His near neighbor, Christopher Keyburne, Esq., more familiarly known as "Kit Burns," realizes the importance of "The Wickedest" *coup d'etat*, and seriously contemplates coming out in a like *role* himself, letting his rats go to the dogs. Verily, thus last sensation is a species of amusement never dreamed of in our philosophy. If the *furore* continues, let us request that one of our fashionable churches be placed at the service of brother Allen, where he may be able to accommodate all who desire to see the coming man.

.....This "Wickedest Man" is *not* the most sinful creature in New York by a long shot, for if taking other people's things is wicked, "Our Jim" is on it most fearfully, as the following incident shows him up in *one* of his peccadilloes, and discloses how he was

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

A few days since a country friend
A watermelon sent
Of extraction hereabouts, or rye,
We found, when we returned, that it
"Our Jim" had bolted down.

He didn't grunt and groan; oh no;
He didn't turn and twist!
We knew he was the guilty one
When we the melon missed;
Pain Palst with him was no account;
He rolled upon the floor;
The more he rolled the more he howled,
The more he howled he swore.

"What is the matter, Jim?" asked we;
"What makes you take on so?
And where's that watermelon gone?
Is what we want to know."
"Shut up your head," roared Jim, "you jest
Shut up, and stop your talk!
O! what-a-melon! I tell you
I'm *The Sickedest Man in New York!*"

.....Talking about liberal minded, good people, we believe Rev. Dr. Bellows may be soon looked for on his return from Europe. Two editions of his letters to the "Liberal Christians" are in course of publication in Germany. By this means *Bellows* may be able to *raise the wind* sufficient to pay the expenses of his trip.....The fashionable season has opened. *Broadway* has put on its gayest plumage, and the palatial residences on Fifth Avenue show signs of an early opening movement, many of the denizens thereof having already moved their quarters from the rear to the front. We attended a *soiree* up that way one night during the past week. It was an *affaire du circonstance*, and the *elite* of the fashionable world was present. You, who have not the *entree* of such society, may be pleased to learn that aristocratic people are but human after all, having tastes in common with those who have not been brought up in the lap of luxury, or fed with contraband silver spoons. We all did something to amuse each other. Some sang, some talked, some played pawns, with kissing and flirting accompaniments. *We* kept the *elite* in a continued roar with our sallies of wit and jocular jokes. We told them one clever little thing, which we didn't think much of, but which seemed to have taken hard, to use the fashionable slang of the day. We'll tell it to you, merely premising that you lose much of the force of the performance by not being able to hear us give it viva voce, suiting the action to the word, etc. Here is the little *bonne touche* (French and other polite languages were spoken at the *soiree* with great fluency and volubility):—"Our Jim" was going home one night—he heard strange sounds, and saw a fight between a married man and wife, with fists, and clubs, and chairs, and knife; he had broken her back, and shattered her head, and her eyes were black and blue and red; the cause of all of this row "Jim" saw on a little sign stuck over the door—it made the matter to him quite clear, for it said on the sign—"*Mangling done here!*" This settled the hash of the *elite*, and for the balance of the evening scarcely anything else was talked of but our "mangled joke," as they called it. There was another fashionable person present who got off a pretty good sell, but it was not half as good as ours. One of those exquisites who are to be found in every promiscuous assemblage, was making love to a pearl little vixen with roguish eyes and golden hair, and insisting upon her singing, as the annexed verses, prepared by us for the readers of the CLIPPER, will attest, and here is

WHAT SHE SANG.

"Yrp me a ballad, ladye fayre,
My ladye, a ballad yrp;"
And ye man he twirled ye black moustache
That covered his upper lyp.

She laya aside her 'broideries—
For lyre love she stryves to wyn—
And to a weird-like ayre the ladye fayre
Attunes her mandolyn.

"I do not care for a wild romance
Of ye days of old," says he,
"But rather I'd hear, if my ladye pleas.,
Some touching melodie."

And over ye ladye's musye books
Ye gallant soldier leans,
While she sings, with a sweet and angel voyce,
"Captayn Jinks, of ye Horse Marynes."

.....Menageries, as a rule, draw in the mopusses, but only one or two have possessed sufficient animal magnetism the present traveling season to attract the base metals of ye Canadian folks, or ye fiumdes of ye "trooly loilers," and so, very soon, the menageries will strike tents, and homeward wend their way. "Our Jim," who, unbeknown to us, has been remorselessly looking over our right shoulder, while we have been joking—"over the left," he impudently asserts, thinks he can find a whole menagerie in the English language, and horrifies us by attempting to prove it by croning over:—"Cat-egorical, Hare-editary, Crow-nological, Flea-bottomy, Dog-matical, Fish-logonomy, Pig-sanu, Rat-ification, Pum-illaninous, Monkeleum, Ram-pant, Squirri-ity, Tiger-cssion, Jay-graphical, Ant-thesia, Buck-anan, Ass-tronomy, Duck-tility;"—about this time the wicked Flea, we hinted, and James Stag-gers off, with our Ge-Hog-raphy flying about his ears.....We are promised something new in "1868"—at least, a new play bearing that title is shortly to be produced at one of our theatres. The field is a wide one, and the two-thirds of 1868 already passed will furnish sufficient material for a hundred plays, be they of the sensational, tragical, or comical order. Generations to come will read of the mixed state of theatricals and fashions in 1868. We'll give you a tender poem on

THE FASHIONS OF 1868.

They buried the maiden at set of sun,
Pale, and jaded, and sadly worn.
With a rosebud on her innocent breast,
With her front hair frizzled and best chignon.
Centuries hence, when those gay old sports
In aid of science these tombs explore,
Won't they start and rub their old spectacled eyes
When they come across that thing she wore!
What learned papers and theories they'll write,
Say in twenty-two hundred, full of weight,
Of the curious fashions and customs we had
In eighteen hundred and SIXTY-eight!

.....We are told that we are soon to have the legitimate at Niblo's, and that tragedy will take the place of buffoonery at that house, the latter speculation not proving quite so remunerative as had been anticipated. Well, anything for a change—give the people something they can understand instead of the foreign slang and airs served up on the European plan in the shape of verdigris buffoonery; or, if we must have opera "bouffe," give it to us in English. Burlesque is always in order, if presented in proper shape; the uneducated as well as the educated classes relish a good burlesque in English, but French pantomime fails to convey the spirit of burlesque, and while an occasional laugh may be extracted by foreign airs, the bulk of the fun is lost upon those who attend French opera. Kelly & Leon's Minstrels' "Barber Shop" in black is far more enjoyable than Bateman's opera at Niblo's, and even the minstrels' costumes are far richer than those of the Frenchmen. George Wood promises us English Burlesque, and the Worrell Sisters will also give us another turn of English bouffe opera, we are told. We are promised so many new things this season that we shall be sorely disappointed if some of them do not prove attractive. Below we present

THE WITCHES IN A NEW LINE OF BUSINESS.

SCENE, *Da Mall in Central Park, near the Shakespeare Monument—time, midnight. Enter* THALIA, MELPOMENE *and* TERPSICHORE, *disguised as three witches. (A cauldron boiling.)*

First Witch.—When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, snow or rain?
Second Witch.—When the new burlesque is done,
And the pantomime begun.
Third Witch.—Where the place?
First W.—Where'er they may
Love of sport and mirth hold sway.
Christmas week will soon be here;
We must see no lack of cheer.
Where hast thou been, sister? *(To second W.)*
Second W. In the heart
Of busy London, playing many a part;
But, sad to say, my last career was brief—
'Tis plain I'm in the sere and yellow leaf.
First W. (to Third.)—Sister, where thou?
Third W.—A manager had need to fill his purse,
And would some striking novelty rehearse.
My numerous charms dispersed his gathering frown;
I struck an attitude and drew the town.
And thou?
1st W.—O, I'm a favorite where'er I go;
Indeed, 'twere hard to find the sort of show
Where I'm not wanted. Hark! here Hecate comes.

Enter the Dramatic Muse, as Hecate.

2d W.—Why how now, Hecate? you look something illed.
Hec.—And with good reason, too, thou silly child.
During my absence, pray, how did you dare
To trade and traffic with those hucksters there,
In base conundrums, flip-flaps, curlicues,
Feats of *diablerie, tours de force*, and shows
Where nonsense rules instead of common sense?
How was it *I* was never called apart
To show the world the glory of our art?
Ain't I "the bigger" quite, or can't I throw
As high a leg as yours? Hum, humf so, so!
A trap I'll set shall make all right full soon.
Upon the eye of yonder man-i'-the moon
There hangs a drop for me in sorrow shed;
I'll catch it ere the sniveler goes to bed,
And that distilled shall raise o' nights
A host of artificial sprites
Such as by strength of sheer illusion
Shall draw my rivals on to their confusion.
Since the sensational's got to be the thing,
And *ballet* and spectacle fortunes bring,
With the legitimate I'll these arts combine,
And thus at last the fair utmost skill outshine.
First W.—Hush! the long tailed cat hath mewed,
And the neighbors' dogs have whined.
Second W.—Hecate cries, 'tis time, 'tis time!
Hec.—Round about the cauldron go,
In the charm'd ingredients throw;
Fragments of a drama writ
By Monk Lewis in a fit;
Copy of Joe Miller's jokes;
Slang to please the rarest mokes;
Scenes from Shakespeare's writings torn,
Eked by Cibber's wit forlorn—
(*Colley* Cibber, who in days
Long bygone wrote Shakespeare's plays);
Byron's "skull," betimes to sup
Inspiration—curious cup!
Brain of Ford and Massinger;
Edmund Kean's Richard rig,
And his famed thello wig
(Which by turns may serve to shine
In the negro minstrel line);
Worn out pumps in *ballets* worn
Nights one hundred that have run;
Elssler's mantle; Grisi's voice;
Piece of Blondin's tight rope; thumb
Of David Garrick (all a hum)!
Joe Grimaldi's broadest grin,
Russell, John Tayleure, Stuart Clarke, Mrs. J. B. Booth, Miss Rachel Noah, Mrs. Louisa Morse, Nellie M. Leslie, Mrs. S. Flood, Mrs. J. H. Browne, Miss A. Winslow, Misses Goldthwaite, Long, Euart, Ramsdell, etc. Mr. J. B. Booth is the lessee and manager; J. M. Ward, treasurer; J. H. Brown, prompter; Samuel Culbert, scenic artist; E. M. Leslie, business agent; Wm. P. Prescott, machinist; N. Lothian, conductor of orchestra, and W. H. Goodrich, property man.

MARK HAYES, J. H. Fuller, W. H. Danvers, L. P. Roys, H. B. Hapgood (agent), Miss Hattie Snow and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lanergan, left Boston for Dayton, Ohio, on the 4th. Mr. L. makes an eight months' season in the west.

THOS. H. BURNS goes to Montreal, and Miss Connie Thompson, with J. C. Myers, the present season.

J. W. NORTON does not go with Bidwell and Locke, but to England, it is reported.

MISS JENNIE ANDERSON has been secured by Laura Keene for her traveling company, to start in October.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and daughter opened in Gloucester, Mass., Aug. 31st, for six nights; thence to Lynn, Biddeford, etc. Messrs. E. W. Watson, C. Thorne, H. W. Maynard, J. W. Andrews, G. F. Searock and Miss Mollie Bernard are in his company. "Buck" reveres the legitimate and plays nothing but Richard, Hamlet, Macbeth, Shylock, Othello and Coriolanus, with "Uncle Tom" for his *matinees*.

W. F. BURROUGHS, who has been giving readings through Vermont, has returned home to Watertown, Conn.

SELWYN'S BOSTON THEATRE was announced to open for the season on Sept. 7th with the following company:—Fanny Morant, Mrs. Thomas Barry, Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, Kittie Blanchard, Amilie Harris, Elisa Newton, Louise Anderson, Mrs. G. H. Griffiths, Mrs. T. T. Graham, Miss Manning, Miss A. Steele, Mary Cary, Mrs. T. M. Hunter, Miss Griffiths, Miss LeForrest, Miss Jones; Frederic Robinson, G. H. Griffiths, C. H. Vandenhoff, Stuart Robson, W. J. Lamoyne, Harry Josephs, Thomas Barry, H. F. Daly, Harry Pearson, H. D. Billings, F. Ketchum, H. L. Bascomb, J. B. Bradford, C. Stedman, G. F. Kenway, J. W. Hague, T. Graham, O. A. Dinsmore, Mr. Packard. Stage manager, Thomas Barry; prompter, T. Graham; scenic artist, George Heister; mechanical department, F. W. Mozart; properties, A. Newert; gas engineer, G. Seavey; costumer, Mrs. A. Endress; leader of orchestra, Charles Koppitz. "Belle's Stratagem" was to be the initial performance.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Providence, R. I., well adapted for dramatic and other performances, may be rented by addressing MR. W. H. Barker, as per advertisement.

MAD. METHUA SCHELLER opened at the Helena, Montana, Theatre on Aug. 15th as Marie in "The Pearl of Savoy." A correspondent says:—"The admission was two dollars in gold to all parts of the house. Her reception was very enthusiastic and she was called three times before the curtain in the course of the evening. Manager Langrishe played Pierrot, Mrs. Langrishe Chourette, and Mr. Walcot, Father Louistine, in most excellent style. On the 17th, "Mathilde" was produced to a large house, and on the 18th the "Lady of Lyons," Madame Scheller as Pauline and Mr. Waldron as Claude. The large audience was even more enthusiastic than on the previous occasions. Four times were Madame Scheller and Mr. Waldron called before the curtain, and many passages in the play applauded."

AT THE SALT LAKE THEATRE, Miss Nice has appeared in "Evadne," "Mary Stuart," "Ion" and other pieces, and her performances are praised by the Salt Lake critics.

HARRY WILSON, who has the repute of being a good juvenile and light comedian, publishes a card in the advertising columns of the CLIPPER, soliciting engagements.

M. W. LEFFINGWELL, with a burlesque company, appeared in New Haven, Conn., on Sept. 2d, for four days, under the management of Lowell and Simmonds.

MORRIS BROTHERS commenced a brief tour under the management of Lowell and Simmonds, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Sept. 28th, for two days, and goes thence through the New England cities for the month of October.

THE COMPANY engaged for the Mobile, Ala., Theatre for the season, is as follows:—Walter Grisdale, leading; George Parkes, juvenile; J. J. Wallace, heavies; Geo. Pardey, low comedy; W. R. Shields, first old men; George W. Herbert, stage manager; Griffin Morgan, scenic artist; W. H. Haydin, Andrew Waldron, John Waldron, C. Reynolds, F. R. Davies, Samuel L. Knapp; Thos. Wheelan, machinist; Jos. Jamison, costumer; Miss Caroline Carson, leading; Miss Blanche Bradshaw, juvenile; Mrs. Chas. Henri, *soubrettes*; Mrs. Mary Bradshaw, first old women; Mrs. Geo. Pardey, Laura Waldron, Maggie Jamison, Mrs. W. R. Hayden, Fannie Waldron, Julia Waldron and Mrs. R. Maddern.

A NEW THEATRE, just erected, was to be opened in Bryan City, Texas, on Sept. 7th, by F. C. Noyes, with Agnes Stanfield as leading lady. The house will seat five hundred persons, and is said to be nicely fitted up.

MARIAN NORTHCOTE can be engaged for singing chambermaids and boys. See her card among our theatrical advertisements.

MARK SMITH opened in St. Louis on August 31st, at De Bar's, as Sir Anthony Absolute in the "Rivals." On the 1st he gave "Poor Gentleman;" 2d, "School for Scandal," and 3d, "London Assurance." The afterpieces have been "La Chalet" and "Perfect Ravella." Our correspondent says:—"Mark opened to a full house, and has been playing to appreciative audiences every evening. The stock company seems to be very good. The most of them are new faces here, and are a little timid for the first week, but doubtless will do better after a while. Fanny Pierson took well as Lisette in 'La Chalet.' She sang the kiss waltz and received a heavy *encore*, as did McDowell as Max. Ben De Bar has appeared as Bob Acres, Dr. Ollapod and Crabtree. He is very funny and does everything he undertakes in good style. ..... Charlotte Crampton gave 'Richard III' for her benefit on August 29th to a full house. She sustained the part in a good manner, although laboring under a severe cold."

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY, under the management of M. Kimball, closed at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 5th, and were to be at Milford, Mass., on the 7th. During the week business was only fair. Ward took a benefit on the 4th to the largest house assembled during the week. Kimball, the manager, took a "ben." on the 5th. In the company are Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Healey, J. J. Sullivan, W. B. Lawrence, Harry Howland, Lillie Marden, Annie Wood, Mrs. C. E. Churchill and others.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" was withdrawn from the boards of the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on Saturday evening, 5th inst., after a very successful run of three weeks. The last week was characterized by fresh attractions and new features, Miss Carrie Moore, "Skatorial Queen," and Mr. Charles Lovett, "Champion Skatist," both appearing, to the delight of those present. On the 7th inst. Leffingwell, the burlesque actor, assisted by Mrs. Leffingwell, Misses Blanche Chapman, Florence Stanley, Julia Parker, Mrs. Kennedy, Bishop Parker and others, were to appear in the extravaganas of Cinderella."

GRISWOLD'S OPERA HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., is announced to commence its regular season on the 21st inst., and the company is summoned to assemble for rehearsal on the morning of that day at 10 A. M. See L. H. Everett's card in our advertising columns.

THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, company are summoned to appear for rehearsal on Sept. 9th at 11 A. M. in an advertisement in another column.

JAMES HOLLOWAY, who is reputed to be a prominent English tragedian, wishes engagements for two weeks, as is stated in his card in our advertising columns.

MESSRS. DAVIS & CO., the well known advertising agents of Cincinnati, issue a series of proclamations of interest to the profession in our advertising columns. By them it will be seen that they want talent of various descriptions, both male and female, for various sections of Uncle Sam's dominions.

MESSRS. WETMORE & CO., agents for all varieties in the amusement world, are established in business at No. 17 Houston street, this city, where they are at all times ready to secure engagements for performers and supply managers with talent, besides which they supply the profession with such other necessities as they may need.

LIZZIE, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Nixon (Emma Madden), died in this city on the evening of the 4th inst. aged one year and twelve days. The child had been suffering for over four months, and Mrs. Nixon went to Detroit for the summer, thinking it would save the child. Mrs. Nixon returned to this city on Thursday morning, and the following day the child breathed its last. She was embalmed to await the arrival of Mr. Nixon, who was in St. Joe at the time, and who will arrive here early on the morning of the 9th.

MISS LENA PRENTICE, juvenile comedy actress, late of Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has been secured by Manager Loak for the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, which place opens on or about the 21st inst. with the "School for Scandal."

PAULINE CUSHMAN'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed in Yonkers, N. Y., on Sept. 4th and 5th, and was to be in Little Falls, N. Y., on the 7th for three days, and go thence to Schenectady for the balance of the week.

"FOUL PLAY" was produced at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., Aug. 31st and Sept. 1st, under the management of B. H. Harkins, late of the Broadway Theatre. Our correspondent says:—"The house was poor on the opening night, and but little better the second night. Mr. Harkins very foolishly raised the prices of admission all over the house, and found to his sorrow that such games would not work in Newark. I cannot understand how New York managers can be so foolish as to come to this city with an exhibition of nothing but ordinary talent, and who have been showing in New York for fifty cents, and charge us just double to see the same thing. This kind of business never has worked, nor never will here. We are too near New York for any such tomfoolery. The piece was fairly acted, and at times was loudly applauded."

FOR THE FIRST TIME in the course of its existence, modern Troy has been favored with opera *bouffe*, and, very fortunately, this desired consummation was effected through excellent media—the Worrel Sisters. Our correspondent, "Oscar," says:—"Beginning on Monday, August 31st, Ben Baker's arrangement of 'Grand Duchess' was produced for three evenings, proving so acceptable that its repetition at the *matinee* of Sept. 5th was almost demanded. On Thursday and Friday (3d and 4th) 'Belle Helene' was creditably produced, followed by the comedietta, 'Nan, the Good for Nothing,' in which the vivacious Jennie personated the irrepressible Nan—introducing a red hot clog dance—and T. L. Donnelly essayed a very funny Irish Tom Dribbles. The fair sisters created quite a *furore* in our woman-admiring town, and their season was one of profit to them and pleasure to their patrons. On Friday evening a complimentary benefit was tendered them by many of our first-water citizens, which proved a respectable bumper, despite a cold, cheerless rain storm. Their chorus was capital, and their orchestra, under Keating, was correct, though very weak. J. C. Dunn, Charley Morton, Geo. Lingard, F. B. Chapman, Misses Wallace, Wakeman, Everett, Dunn, etc., proved adequate to their respective positions. A very indicrous little scene occurred in the 'Duchess' on Wednesday evening. A bouquet was injudiciously thrown upon the stage in the midst of a dialogue, and coldly enough, Miss Sophia picks it up just as the text requires her to say, 'Meet me at my house in an hour,' which she innocently said while toying with the flowers, producing a roar of applause which lasted several minutes.....The regular dramatic season of 1868-9 begins on Monday, Sept. 21st, under the management of L. H. Everitt, who is now recognized as a citizen, and a welcome one. The people constituting the company proper are as follows:—John Davis, leading; T. A. Dow, heavies; N. S. Leslie, juveniles; T. J. Herndon, low comedy; J. P. Delmer, old man; Mrs. J. Nugent, light comedy; F. G. Spear, second low comedy; W. C. Miller, walking gent; W. Owen, character business; J. Price and W. May, utility; R. L. Simpson, stage director; Miss Annie Llewellyn, leading; Ida Leslie, juveniles and singing business; Imogene Tracey, soubrettes; Mrs. Jane Parker, eccentric old women; Mrs. Herndon, walking ladies; Mrs. John Davis, old women; Mrs. W. C. Miller, Miss Louise Herbert, Mrs. J. E. Nugent, La petite Georgie, etc. Before the opening of the season the auditorium is to be newly upholstered and painted, and considerable stage work performed. The Odd Fellows' Restaurant, immediately underneath the Opera House, has been leased by Van Arnum and Everitt, of the theatre, who will hereafter conduct this, the largest saloon in the city, in metropolitan style."

FOUL PLAY.—An exciting incident occurred in Chicago, Ill., week before last. It appears that Joseph E. Whiting, who had just arrived in that city, was some seasons ago in New Orleans, and became acquainted with a woman named Josefina Homader. She was beautiful, although a little "off color," somewhat accomplished and very jealous—so much so in fact, that when Joe's engagement at the St. Charles ended he was very glad to "jump" her. She, furious at his desertion of her, went to California, where some friends of his told her had gone. From there she returned a few months since, and only last week met him upon the street in Chicago. She insisted on his accompanying her to her house, and then, upbraiding him for his conduct, and threatening to be revenged, with the assistance of a villain in her employ, taking him unawares, knocked him down a trap door into a cellar, but recovering himself as he fell, he entered upon his defense with such desperation that they were driven from the cellar. Mr. Whiting then tore away the ladder by which the would be assassin escaped to the first floor, and with a picket which the fellow dropped managed to break out. Mr. W. undoubtedly owes his life to his courage in a most trying moment.

THE ATHENÆUM, Detroit, Mich., is now open for the season under the management of Mr. C. M. Welch, with W. J. Thompson as stage manager. For the past week the two act drama of "The Last Appeal" was the chief feature, Mr. Thompson as Matthew, Geo. Wilcox as Louden, McAvoy as Narcissus Nab, Ada Richmond as Alice, and Emma Whiting as Margaret. A correspondent says:—"Ben Wheeler was guilty of appearing before the audience in a state of intoxication. Billy Gray's stump speech on the times was a clever thing, and gained much applause. The company consists, in addition to the above named, of Charley Benedict, T. H. Williams, Atkins and Fox, Edith Whiting and Augusta Walby. Harry Leslie opens on the 7th."

F. L. LOWELL'S Undine Troupe were to open in Grand Rapids, Mich., on Sept. 8th for several nights.

THE OPERA HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., having been thoroughly renovated, repainted and refitted, will hereafter be known as the Rochester Theatre. The dramatic season opened Sept. 5th, under the management of W. Meech, proprietor; Mr. Thos. Carr, manager; and Mr. T. R. Hann, stage manager. A large company has been engaged. Mr. E. Eddy makes his first appearance on Monday, the 7th inst., in "The Ragpicker of Paris."

GRAU'S OPERA TROUPE gave an admirable rendition of "Martha" and "Fra Diavolo" at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 2d and 3d inst.

IN CHICAGO amusements were firmer the past week, consequent upon the production of two fresh attractions simultaneously. Our correspondent, "Loiterer," writes as follows:—"Mr. Joseph Jefferson commenced at McVicker's on Monday night, August 31st, appearing as Rip Van Winkle *until further notice*. As the public during his former engagement did not weary of the piece there is no telling when the notice will be given. Next to the acting of Mr. Jefferson, that of Mrs. Myers as Meenie, in the third act, deserves mention. In the scene where she recognizes her father in the wierd looking old man she is so pathetic in voice and action as to bring tears to the eyes of her audience. Mr. Harry Hudson made his reappearance at this theatre as Hendrick in the third act. The houses are jammed and, as before, standing room only can be had long before the rise of the curtain. We are promised that Mr. Jefferson will appear in other characters as well, and to conclude will, in conjunction with Messrs McVicker and Myers, produce 'Midsummer Night's Dream' with new and elegant scenery and properties, as well as the original music. Miss Annie Kemp will play Oberon and the child artist, Willie Seymour, will do Puck, supported by an excellent cast and an augmented *ballet*. ..... Manager Aiken, who has not had a bad house this season, is now at a loss to accommodate the crowds who rush to his cosy place to witness the play of 'Foul Play,' *from the original manuscript*. Mr. Aiken has produced the piece with new scenery and properties, and the cast is an excellent one, except that Mr. Keller does not appear to be in his element as Old Wardlaw. He lacks both the dignity and dress of an old English gentleman. Mr. Aiken, who does Penfold, divides the honors of the evening with Mrs. Allen, who does Miss Rollestone. Mr. Padgett does General Rollestone admirably, and Wilson, as Wylie, and Vernon, as Arthur Wardlaw, are very clever. Cure for the ..... in which Dillon, Mrs. Stoneall and Alice Holland participate."

M'LLE WESMAEL AND VON HUMMAL received a benefit at Milwaukee, Wis., on the 30th of August, which was well attended, the only drawback being the absence of all the orchestra except the leader. Messrs. McManus and Oates have a leader of their own for the season, but upon their arrival at Milwaukee they were importuned to employ a Mr. Bock, a local leader. This they refused to do, whereupon Mr. Bock proceeded to create an insurrection, which culminated as above. The musicians said they were afraid of violence if they did not leave. Mr. McManus made a speech to the audience, in which he remarked that he thought the action of Mr. Bock and his friends was an imposition, not only upon his company but upon the Milwaukee public. This remark was greeted by long and loud applause. Our correspondent, who gives us the above information, says "Mr. Bock has played this same game several times before, and it is well that all traveling shows should be prepared for him. The party left on the 2d for Grand Rapids, where they put in two nights, and thence to Detroit, opening Monday night, 7th, for three weeks."

THE NATIONAL THEATRE in Cincinnati opened on the 31st ult. to a fine audience, although the night was very inclement, rain pouring in torrents during the early portion of the evening. Mrs. Robert Johnson and Miss Nellie Germon appeared as stars, in a drama entitled the "Seas of Liberty." As a literary effort it is an undoubted failure; the plot is often strained and at times absurd, and withal not commendable. Our correspondent says, "It is a sketch of Fenian times in Ireland, Colonel Connelly, the hero, being an American officer sent over to Ireland to promote an uprising. The scene then changes to New York, and a session of the Fenian Congress is represented. From thence it shifts to the Canadian frontier at Niagara, and the battle of Limestone Ridge is introduced. But although the drama itself is poor, the ample resources of the theatre have furnished several splendid scenes, that at Niagara being particularly fine. There is a ballet introduced, entitled 'Undine,' that is 'Undine in the Gaslight,' but which is gotten up with fine effect. The piece also abounds in a species of fun which kept most of the audience in a good humor, and on the whole was rather successful. The best character in it is an Irish boy, Tim, which was well sustained by Miss Germon. She has a sweet voice, and sang several songs with good effect. Miss Ada Monk, the *soubrette* of the new company, made quite a favorable impression, and the convulsions of Miss Neal, and became at once a favorite. Miss Minnie Monk, the leading lady, was Mary O'Donnell, the heroine of the piece, but there was nothing in the character to enable her to do more than show herself a careful, correct reader. Wild Rooney, the leading male character, is a queer mixture of ferocity and plaintiveness, and is rather unnatural; but it was rendered with considerable stage effect by Mr. Johnson, who evidently has adopted Edwin Forrest as his model. Mr. Joseph Whiting is the chief of Co. Comrie, and performed very clever actor, as did H. D. Guion as Col. St. Eyre of the British service. Mr. Pearce, of last year's company, an old favorite, was excellent as Hans Swineflesh, a Dutch Fenian. The character is too ridiculous for anything above a minstrel farce, but was well acted. The piece was not very well calculated to show the capacities of the company, but enough could be told to prove them very good. Mr. Tilton, the leading man, did not appear. The piece ran until Friday, on which evening Miss Germon took a benefit, appearing as Kitty Ply, in a drama written especially for her, entitled "The Child of the Street." On Monday, the 7th, Mr. Johnson produced an original local drama, entitled "The Heart of the Queen City." On the 14th Mr. Edwin Booth's engagement will begin.

IN WASHINGTON, the opening of the dramatic season at the National Theatre occurred on the 31st ult. Writing under date of Sept. 4, our correspondent, "Novice," says:—"T. W. Robertson and Artemus Ward's comic drama, entitled 'Ours,' was the play selected for the inaugural. Before noting the performance I desire to mention the superior manner in which the theatre has been renovated and improved. Patrons of the establishment seem to exhibit surprise at the thorough and artistic way in which the frescoing had been performed. We have heretofore had the usual announcement that the theatre had been renovated, but this time it was accompanied. Mr. James O'Brien executed the frescoing, assisted by the *attaches* under the scenic artist, Mr. Joseph Parker. Next season the management propose to replace the chairs now used in the orchestra with the style now in use at Niblo's, besides making other needed improvements. 'Ours' drew a large but not a crowded audience on the opening night, and I doubt if the piece was produced in better shape at Selwyn's or the Arch. The entire marine band, in British uniform, besides thirty-five soldiers of the Twelfth infantry, were engaged, to give full effect. Effie Germon was cast for Mary Nettley (as I stated in my last), but she did not appear, her place being very ably filled by Miss Georgie Dixon, a stranger to Washingtonians before the rise of the curtain, but a decided favorite when it rang down on the closing scene of the play. Mr. Frank Mordaunt played the character of Hugh Chalcote with good effect. The part of Col. Shendryn was well performed by Mr. R. Young, and Prince Perowski was carefully acted by Mr. Claude Hamilton. Mr. W. Davidge was Sergeant Jones to the life; the character could not have been in better hands. Miss Georgie Dickson charmed every one with her dashing and sprightly impersonation of Mary Nettley. Mrs. Stoddart as Blanche Hay was clever, but not very effective. Miss Alice Grey, for several seasons leading lady at Ford's Temple Street Theatre during the war, was warmly welcomed to the Washington boards. Miss Grey gave a correct conception of the character assumed, Lady Shendren, and maintained her reputation as an actress of excellence. 'Ours' gives way to-night for 'Carte,' which will be given with a strong distribution of characters, and will enjoy a representation on this and to-morrow evenings. On the 7th the spectacular drama of the "Black Crook" is announced for production, under the supervision of Mr. J. E. McDonough. The following dancers are named to lead the *ballet*: Miles. Gustamo Leah, Lena Recci, Marie Christini, Emerline Zaba, Guissappa De Rosa, and the child wonder, La Petite Alice. A little theatrical sheet, called the *Critic*, made its appearance at the opening of the season for distribution as a play bill in the theatre. The items theatric are taken bodily from the columns of the CLIPPER, but that is not mentioned."

THE SEASON opened at the Louisville Theatre on the 31st of August, with the spectacular drama of "Zorastre; or the Dwellers of the Sea," written by Geo. H. Fuller, the manager. The piece has been in preparations since the close of last season, and a host of workmen engaged on the scenery and properties. Our correspondent, "Agate," writes:—"I have not yet had the pleasure of witnessing the piece, but I am told by gentlemen who have seen both the 'Black Crook' and 'White Fawn,' as they were produced in New York, that the last grand transformation scene in this is the finest ever seen in this country; and it is undoubtedly, the truth, for the public is in ecstacies over it. No drama ever yet produced, where the spectacular was the feature, has ever been received by the passing any literary merit, and I do not suppose this is an exception; yet, Mr. Fuller has literary ability, and is an artist are well as an author. He has written several pieces of merit, and some years ago wrote an introductory act to the 'Marble Heart' for the late J. Wilkes Booth, but which was played but twice, I believe, in this city. On the opening night it rained very hard, which must have dampened the spirits of the author, as

—President, J. B. Bowers; Vice President, Harry Morse; Recording Secretary, H. Gales; Finance Secretary, H. M. Cook; Treasurer, T. J. Healy; Stage Manager, J. C. Garrett; Assistant Manager, J. W. Garrett. They have selected for their next performance "Love's Sacrifice" and "Jenny Lind."

A COMPLIMENTARY TESTIMONIAL is about to be tendered to Meyer Ehrsa, on which occasion some of the best amateur talent of New York will appear. The affair will be under the management of the Warren Combination.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC UNION will shortly perform "Love's Sacrifice" and "Jenny Lind."

THE BOOTHMAN D. A., of Philadelphia, played on the 3d "Box and Cox," says, "should have been called 'The Amateurs in Distress,' as a more lamentable performance I have never seen. Mr. Hayhurst as Box has no equal upon the amateur stage, and very few upon the 'regular.' Mr. Feldman should never attempt comedy. He had not the least conception of Cox."

THE DRAMATIC UNION will commence their season shortly with "Venice Preserved" and the "Virginia Mummy."

Foreign Show News.

THE LONDON THEATRES.—Business with theatrical managers during the week commencing August 17th is pronounced the poorest witnessed in the metropolis for a long time, very little having occurred in the way of novelty to vary the monotony of the season. "After Dark" has proved a strong attraction at the Princess'.....The Queen's is doing "The Lancashire Lass," which has succeeded in filling the house every night since the piece was first produced.....Flying Scud" continues at the Adelphi.....No change has been made at the Strand, the burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" seeming to retain all its original attractiveness.....Nothing fresh has been recorded at the Standard, the Alexandra, or the Holborn Amphitheatre.....At Astley's, "Alarcos" has been preceded by the farce of "An Object of Interest" and followed by "Eight Hours at Brighton."....At the Victoria "The Idle Apprentice" has been followed by "The Burgomaster's Daughter." The performances have concluded with the old transpontine drama of "The Wizard of the Wave."....."The Dead Reckoning," some singing and the drama of "Phœbe Hessel" have been the attractions at the Britannia.....At the New East London, the drama of "The Orange Girl" has been produced. "The Chevalier St. George" and "Pauline" have been the other pieces performed.....At the Pavilion, Mr. Holland's troupe of sable minstrels, with other members of his musical company, have appeared.....Don Edgardo Colona, announced as a Mexican tragedian, but pronounced by some to be only a Drury Lane "super," opened at the St. James Theatre, on August 17th, in "Richard." The *Times* says:—"To Manager Walter St. John is due the glory and honor of having 'prevailed on this great actor, the only living rival of Kean and Macready, to come to London to give a series of his unrivalled Impersonations.' Let us beg of Mr. Walter St. John to take him away to the country without delay; we are not selfish enough to wish to keep such a rich histrionic treat entirely to ourselves."....."Arrah Na Pogue" was produced at the Grecian Theatre on August 17th....The Surrey was to open on September 5th, with a new drama by Watts Phillips, entitled "Land Rats and Water Rats."....Sadler's Wells was to reopen on September 5th, under the direction of Miss Hazlewood.....Boucicault's Fairies was to make his London *debut* on August 29th at the Lyceum, prior to his departure for Russia.

MLLE NILSSON is in Baden this week.

THE NEW THEATRE de Belleville is now completed. It will seat 1,400 to 1,500 spectators.

A NEW OPERA, "Les Deux Compositeurs," by Flotow, is announced for early production at Prague.

MADAME MARIE SASS will shortly make her first appearance in Italian Opera. It is supposed that Madrid will be chosen for her *début*, which will be made in "Norma" or in "Semiramide."

THE KING OF ITALY has recently conferred upon Sig. Emanuel Biletta the order of the Crown of Italy.

MADAME LEHAR, a French actress, and said to be a great favorite with the public of Warsaw, has been ordered by the government to quit the country with her husband, the *chef d'orchestre*, for having "insulted the public." It appears that one night the lady was cheered rather more loudly than usual, and that some Russians, who happened to be in the theatre at the time, marked their disapproval of the verdict of the Polish majority by loud hisses. This roused the indignation of M. Lehar, who, turning round in his seat in the orchestra, exclaimed, "*Cochons de Russes!*" The expression was not a choice one, but the "public" could hardly be said to have been insulted, seeing that the great majority of the audience were not Russians but Poles.

ROBERT HELLER, the American prestidigitateur, opened in Liverpool, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, on Aug. 17th.

CHARLES DILLON was in Leeds the week ending Aug. 22d.

F. B. CHATTERTON was to open the Theatre Royal, Hull, on Aug. 31st, with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Phelps as Bottom.

MRS. LEIGH MURRAY has recovered from her late serious accident.

KATE BATEMAN is in Liverpool this week, and opens in Glasgow on Sept. 14th, and London Oct. 19th.

A PANIC was created at the Gaiety Theatre, Paris, recently, during the performance of "La Rose de Saint Fleur," by a young actress named Frousty upsetting a bowl containing blazing spirits of wine, which set fire to her dress, but fortunately, she escaped without harm by the prompt action of a fireman, who enveloped her with a wet blanket, thereby extinguishing the flames.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—"Les Gueux de Beranger," of MM. Dupenty and Moinaux, has been revived at the Theatre Beaumarchais.....The company of the Comedie Francaise, on its return from its provincial tour, will resume its rehearsals of Balzac's comedy, "Mercadet le Faiseur," upon which is founded "The Game of Speculation."....MM. Theodore Barriere and Stapleaux have read, at the Palais Royal, a piece in three acts, entitled "Paris Ventre-a-terre," with parts for Geoffroy, Gil Peres, Lassouche L'heritier and Mlle. Alphonsine.....Mme. Amelia Strakosch is expected to make her *debut* this winter at the Italian Opera, Paris.....M. Offenbach has placed in the hand of the director of the Varietes the music of a new opera, entitled "La Perichole." The authors are MM. Meilhac and Halevy; while Mlle. Schneidar and M. Dupuis are to take the principal characters.....The winter season will shortly commence at the Parisian theatres. At the Odeon "Jeanne de Ligneris" is in active rehearsal. The Fantaisies Parisiennes and the Theatre Dejazet open on the 1st of September, and the Athenee on the 15th of the same month.....Two dramatic trifles at the Folies-Marigny are all that have been produced in Paris during the week ending Aug. 16th. The first is a one act vaudeville, "Le Tuyau de Poelle," by MM. Marquet and Delbes, two writers who have a curious fancy for selecting chimney sweepers as the heroes of their works. "A la Bretonne," the second, is a one act operetta, by Madame Lionel, with music by M. Oray.....At the Opera Comique Auber's "Ambassadrice" has just been reproduced for the *rentrees* of Madame Cabel and M. Capoul. Herold's "Zampa" has also been revived for Mlle. Cico and M. Achard, neither of whom has satisfied the Parisian critics. Adam's "Toreador" is another of the operas recently played at the same theatre, for the *debut* of a M. Guilhard.

.....Among the new engagements made by the management of the Comedie are those of Mlle. Reichenberg, who took the first prize for comedy, and Miles. Delmary and Hericourt, who obtained the second prize for tragedy at the late *concours* of the Conservatoire. Considerable interest is attached to the *debut* of Mlle. Reichenberg, who is a pupil of Madame Brohan, mother of the celebrated Madeline and Augustine Brohan.....Balzac's great novel, "La Cousine Bette," is at length to be produced on a Parisian stage. Permission to dramatise it has been accorded to MM. Jaime *fils* and Philippe Gille. Frederic Lemaitre will, it is thought, play the Baron Hulot.....M. Levy, the cornopeon player, shortly leaves Paris for America, where he is to have £50 a week .....*Later News.*—"L'Eclipse de Lune," a one act vaudeville, by M. Gabriel Ferry, has been produced at the Varieties, Paris. "La Vie Privee," by MM. Eugene Grange and V. Bernard, has been brought out at the same theatre..... "The Pirates of the Savannah" has been produced in Paris at the Chatelet Theatre. This piece was written for and originally produced by the late Adah Menken. The *Liberte*, in an extended notice of the piece, says:—"Mlle. Sarah Dowe has taken the place of poor Adah Menken, who was dismounted by death from the equestrian *role* which she was to undertake. The *debutante* has neither the beauty nor the renown of Adah, but her pantomime is striking and her face has quickness and expression. She was much applauded."....."A new convention has been entered into between the managers of the Opera Comique and the French Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers. By this, authors are to receive 12 per cent. of the gross takings of the theatre, subject to no deductions whatever, the managers binding themselves to produce twelve new acts during each year.....A new two act *ballet*, "La Poupee de Nuremberg," will be produced in October, at the Paris Opera.....'Fanny Lear" was played for the first time at the Gymnase Dramatique, Paris, on Aug. 17th. Mlle. Blanche Pierson's return to this theatre has been warmly welcomed.

AUSTRALIAN THEATRICALS.—Walter Montgomery has been giving readings in Melbourne, where he closed June 15th, and proceeded to Adelaide.....Mad. Anna Bishop made her first appearance in Melbourne on June 20th.....The burlesque of "The Siege of Troy" has again been produced at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, with greater success than attended it on its former production.....Miss Marion Dunn, who appeared as Cupid and Paris, had a benefit on May 29th, when Walter Montgomery re-appeared, for this occasion only, as Caspar Lavater in "Not a Bad Judge." Miss Eloise Juno has also appeared with success in "The Bonnie Fish Wife." On June 8th, Walter Montgomery commenced a final engagement as John Mildmay in "Still Waters Run Deep." He appeared as Sir Giles Overreach on June 13th, and his impersonation is pronounced the best witnessed in Australia for some time.....A troupe of "Japs" were to open at the Theatre Royal on June 22d.....At the Duke of Edinburgh Theatre, Melbourne, on May 25th, "The Creole; or, Love's Fetters," was produced; also "Asmodeus." On May 30th, Mrs. Florence Williams (daughter of the novelist G. P. R. James) made her *debut* as Rose Fielding in "The Widow Copse." James Stark made his *debut* on June 6th, as Richelieu, followed on June 12th by Hamlet. On the 13th, "Under the Gaslight" was revived, with Mr. Stark as Snorkey. On the 21st "Rip Van Winkle" was presented, with W. R. Gill as Rip.....*Later News.*—G. Coppin took a farewell benefit at the Theatre Royal, Adelaide, on May 22d, when he appeared as Sir Peter in "School for Scandal," and as Southdown in "To Obhge Benson." The house was densely crowded. He closed his engagement on May 30th, and he left for Melbourne on the 31st. "Flying Scud" was produced on June 8th, and was well received. "Arrah Na Pogue" was a failure.....Walter Montgomery was to open at the Theatre Royal on July 6th.

SOMETHING NEW.—The ordinary singers in the operas produced in Vienna, when recalled, are forbidden to reappear at any other time than in the *entre actes*.

KITEL, the musical composer and formerly director of the Conservatoire at Prague, died lately at Lissa, in the Province of Posen.

THE NEGOTIATIONS having in view the return of Alboni to the Paris stage have fallen through. It appears that after favoring the project for some time, Mme. Alboni at last came to the determination to resist the tempting offers made her from a feeling of nervousness at the idea of again facing the public.

MME. GEORGE SAND is said to be adapting "Indiana" for the stage. The Odeon, Paris, is to produce the piece, and it is already settled that Laferriere is to play the part of Raymond de Ramieres.

THE PIECE of M. Marc Bayeux, with which the Odeon, Paris, was to be reopened, has been interdicted by the Government censors.

CARLOTTA PATTI will shortly make a musical tour in Sweden, Denmark and Norway, under the direction of Ullman.

FATAL SHOOTING AFFRAY.—On the evening of Friday, 4th inst., an affair of a most unfortunate character occurred at the saloon of Farrell & Lyons, South street, near Fulton, resulting in the shooting, and death shortly afterward, of Henry C. Lyons. It seems that he became involved in an altercation with Mr. Hopson concerning some trivial matter, during which Lyons, who was slightly under the influence of liquor, knocked Mr. H. down twice with an umbrella. Hopson then drew a revolver and discharged it at Lyons, the ball striking him in the breast and inflicting a mortal wound. The deceased was well known in sporting circles, having been interested in several important pugilistic matches, and had the reputation of being a quiet, inoffensive man. This sad affair has caused much astonishment to those who knew him, and his circle of acquaintance was very large. He will be buried from his residence West 50th street, near Sixth Avenue, and it will doubtless be largely attended. Mr. Hopson, was, we understand, admitted to bail on the morning of the 7th inst.

REPORTED DEATH OF SIR KEHOE.—An Associated Press dispatch, dated Schenectady, N. Y., Sept. 6th, states that Sim D. Kehoe, the Indian Club manufacturer, died suddenly in that city of apoplexy on that day. Up to the hour of going to press the rumor lacked confirmation, and we hope it will prove incorrect. We paid a visit to his place of business, but nothing had been received in reference to the matter, so that it is more than probable the rumor is false. He is known to have been in Schenectady on Saturday, in company with Pat Kelly, of Brooklyn, (not the bomface of Tammany Hall, but the clubbist.)

POSTPONED.—The skiff race between J. M. Hays and C. Carney, for $50, which was undecided on the 26th ult. in consequence of a collision of the boats, and was to have been rowed over on the 5th inst., has been again postponed until Saturday, 12th inst.

AQUATIC.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP BOAT RACE
BETWEEN
HENRY COULTER AND WALTER BROWN, AT PITTSBURGH.
ALL THE MONEY NOW UP.

The struggle between the aspirants for the sculling championship from Maine and Pennsylvania will, should nothing untoward arise, be decided on the Upper Monongahela course, a short distance above the City of Smoke, on the afternoon of Wednesday, 9th inst. The match has given rise to considerable excitement in aquatic circles throughout the country, and the probabilities are that a large crowd will be present at the course, as in addition to the denizens of the sooty district, who generally turn out very strong at these displays, there will be several excursion delegations on hand from various other large cities. The final deposit of five hundred dollars a side was posted at the CLIPPER office on Saturday, 5th inst., when the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars was paid to Brown's representative, John Tyler, jr., by Charley Elliott for Coulter. The articles stipulated that the referee should be chosen at the time of making the last deposit also, but it was decided mutually to defer it until Monday, 7th inst., when the principals could meet and arrange matters more satisfactorily. Brown, who has been training at Portland ever since the match was made, and is reported to be in splendid fix, arrived in this city on the morning of the 6th, and left by the evening train for Pittsburgh, where he arrived on Sunday morning, and proceeded at once to the quarters selected for him at Glenwood, opposite the starting point, there to take his final breathings. He will pull in a paper shell christened the John H. Draper, a new boat 19 inches wide, 32 feet long, and weighing considerably heavier than the craft of the same material in which he has previously rowed, as it has been made much stronger than those heretofore used. He will row, it is thought, at about 156 pounds. Coulter has been taking regular exercise ever since the Philadelphia *fiasco*, rowing a goodly distance each favorable day, and is reported as having attained to high perfection, physically, under the mentorship of Mr. Flannigan, of Allegheny, the other duties of his former trainer, Pat Speer, rendering it impossible for him to attend Hen. The new shell constructed for him at the establishment of Charley Elliott, Greenpoint, L. I., was shipped to him on the 7th inst. She is a beautiful specimen of boating architecture, is built of Spanish cedar, and is 34 feet long, 13 inches wide, and weighs 34 pounds. Coulter's head-quarters were at the Xanthe Boat House, Manchester, until the early part of last week, when it was removed to a point on the Monongahela river, opposite Glenwood, and the same place, we believe, where he was located at the time of his match with Mekeel. Arrangements are being made for the convenience of those attending and the ferry-boat Chartiers Valley will convey parties to the scene. No doubt other boats of greater capacity will also make the trip. Hamill's challenge to the winner is to row in two weeks after the date of the above race, and he is working assiduously to get himself in trim for the expected meeting. It is stated, authoritatively we believe, that in case he wins, Coulter will at once accept Jimmy's *card*, and the same may, we presume, be expected of the Portlander. It is our earnest desire, as we hope it is that of both men, for a fair and square race—a race which will tend to re-establish this noble pastime upon the foundation it once stood upon, but which recent fizzles have sadly shaken.

Since the above was in type we have received, by express, the following formal challenge from Hamill, accompanied by two hundred and fifty dollars in green paper, by a perusal of which, it will be seen that the "Little Engine" has plenty of steam in him yet:—

PITTSBURGH, September 3d, 1868.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Friend Queen.*—Please find enclosed two hundred and fifty dollars ($250), which I send you by Adams Express, as a forfeit to row the winner of the sculling championship between Mr. Coulter and Mr. Brown, over the same course that said race will take place on, in one or two weeks after that event, for one thousand dollars a side. I wish to row the winner without regard to the championship, to satisfy some friends and the public at large. I will, at some other time, give my reasons to you for my present course. I remain, yours respectfully, JAMES HAMILL.

THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OARED RACE.

Bell's Life, of the 22d ult., contains the following remarks in reference to the letter from Morton Price in reply to the Ward Brothers, and likewise the communication from that gentleman subjoined:—

"We conclude from the terms of Mr. Price's letter that the Skelton Brothers are the four indicated, but while giving them all the credit they deserve for their plucky rowing, and for the manner in which they have beaten some of our best men in their own class of boats, we scarcely think they are the proper champions of England's honor. However, as the Brothers Ward, who are no dunces, and will take some beating, have announced that they will come to England if need be, we should think they will not have to wait long for a job, and hope they may have better luck than our friends of Harvard University had with Oxford."

220 Washington street, Brooklyn, New York, August 8.

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.—*Dear Sir.*—You will before this reaches you have received the "Ward Brothers" challenge to row any four English en. I replied through the medium of the CLIPPER newspaper, thinking I might arrange a match for them with four of the Humber Rowing Club, of which I am president, and attended a meeting, by appointment yesterday, at the CLIPPER office, to see if anything could be done. I met the "Brothers" and their principal backers, and to my great surprise was informed that whether the match was rowed here or in England, the "Brothers' rowed without a coxswain, let the other crew do as they pleased." This, for a time, shut me up, and the meeting came to nothing. Since then I have reconsidered the matter in all its bearings, and have come to the conclusion that in an out and home race of four, five, or six miles, there are many crews of four in England that would successfully compete with the "Brothers," and carry a coxswain—say 7st, of course the lighter the better, if his head is put on right and he has plenty of nerve and some experience. The Wards are willing to row with a turn or right away, and are also willing to allow £200 instead of £140 to the coming out crew for traveling expenses, &c. I am willing to find £200 of the stakes proposed to be run for, and if any aquatic speculative gentleman will make up the balance the match can be made, as I can get the crew, and being on the spot can see to everything being on the square. By inserting this letter you will very much oblige yours faithfully, MORTON PRICE."

The *Sportsman* contains the following:—

"We have been requested by James Taylor, of the Trafalgar Inn, New Bridge street, Newcastle, to suggest that the four members of the Humber Rowing Club, whom Morton Price wishes to match against the brothers Ward, of America, to test the relative merits of the oarsmen of the United States and Great Britain, should try their qualifications with the Champion four-oared crew of Newcastle-upon-Tyne before they contemplate proceeding across the Atlantic, so that the best men may represent Great Britain in the proposed international contest. With this end in view they offer to row the Humber gentlemen in the best boats each can find, for a reasonable stake, and will give or take expenses to row on the Tyne or the Humber. An answer through *The Sportsman* is requested."

SHATEMUC vs. PALISADE.

On Tuesday, September 1st, a very good three mile single scull race, in seventeen feet working boats, came off at Poughkeepsie between A. L. Amelung, of the Palisade Club, of Yonkers, and H. B. Le Roy, of the Shatemuc Boat Club, of the former place. Amelung is the champion of the Palisades, having won the gold badge of his club in their annual regatta a few weeks since in the good time of 26:05. Le Roy also carried off the honors of the Shatemuc Club in the late single scull regatta of that organization. The race originated from the Shatemucs, whose confidence in their champion's prowess was not, as the sequel proved, misplaced.

At half past 4 o'clock P. M. the contestants were called into line. Amelung having won the choice of position, selected next to the Shatemuc's boat-house, from the bow of which the start was made. Le Roy took his position some twenty-five feet further out in the river. At the word an excellent start was made, and for three or four strokes Amelung's bow was slightly in advance; but Le Roy, who pulled a very rapid stroke, soon lapped him. For a few seconds they were bow and bow, when Le Roy, making a lively spurt, passed his opponent, crossed his bow, and took the inside position. From this out the result of the race was a foregone conclusion, as Le Roy turned the upper stake-boat several lengths ahead, and came home an easy winner in 26:05. Amelung was 27:03. The latter rows a very good sweeping stroke and is rather a graceful oarsman. Le Roy's stroke is of the Hamill style, and is thought to be too short and quick for a winning race when his opponent can follow him closely for any length of time.

The occasion was quite a gala day in Poughkeepsie, and the friends of the Shatemuc Club, especially the ladies, were out in force and grand array. The club's boat-house is a canal-boat, which is moored just above the ferry crossing to New Paltz. It is fitted up neatly, with every convenience, forming a comfortable and pleasant headquarters for this young and thriving rowing club.

The Palisade Boat Club is attached to the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, and is one of the best clubs in the State of New York. They have an elegant two story boat-house at Yonkers, which is full of first class boats. Their roll is full of the right class of young men, and their officers, with President Holden at their head, know how to keep the ball of rowing sport "a rolling on."

Le Roy rowed in a boat built by George Roahr; Amelung in one of Fearon's. Judges for Le Roy—John G. Vassar and Thomas Fearon. For Amelung—R. Withers, M. D. and J. G. P. Holden. Referee—Charles A. Peverelly.

THE MATCH BETWEEN MEKEEL AND BLEW.
POSTPONEMENT FOR ONE WEEK.

In consequence of the original fixture of the sculling match between John Mekeel, of Cold Spring, N. Y., and John Blew, *alias* "Shang" of this city, falling but two days prior to the championship race on the Monongahela—a fact which was overlooked at the period of signing articles—it has been mutually agreed to postpone the contest one week, in order to allow some of those interested proceeding to Pittsburgh. Both men have been in strict training ever since the match was entered into, and report says they are at present in very good trim for the encounter. We give the articles below:—

SING SING, Aug. 25th, 1868.

We, the undersigned, do agree to row a match race, distance five miles, to start at a stake-boat at Elysian Fields, Hoboken, to row two miles and a half, turn a stake-boat, and back to the place of starting. And we further agree, that if the boat which is ahead in the race is wilfully or maliciously fouled or prevented from winning the race, she shall be entitled to the stakes. The race to be seventeen feet working boats, give or take six inches. The race to be for two hundred dollars a side, and to be rowed on September 14, 1868, between the hours of two and four o'clock, P. M., fair day and smooth course. One hundred dollars forfeit.

JAMES DELANEY, for JOHN MEKEEL.
GEORGE MCCLOUD, for JOHN BLEW.

FOUR OARED RACE ON THE MONONGAHELA.—On Saturday afternoon, 5th inst., a three mile race for one hundred dollars a side took place on the Upper Monongahela Course, Pittsburgh, Pa., between four-oared crews belonging to the McKee and Ihmsen Clubs, of Birmingham, and was witnessed by thousands of spectators, who lined the banks on either side of the stream. The boats started a short distance above the dam, proceeded a mile and a half up the river and return. A large amount of money had been previously bet on the result. The boats were manned as follows:—McKee Club—C. Minehart (stroke), William Ebberts, R. Miller and Geo. W. Vener (bow). Ihmsen Club—Harry Moore (stroke), L. Tarr, Ike Keefer and H. Best (bow). Henry Coulter was selected as referee. A start was effected about four o'clock, the McKee taking the lead, a position it maintained until the conclusion of the race. Before the boats started the betting was about even, but after the first few strokes the McKee became the favorite, and bets of five to one were offered and freely taken. The Ihmsen boys made a great effort to keep up with the McKee, but their boat gradually fell behind, and, notwithstanding a few vigorous "spurts," came in thirty seconds behind. The time was—McKee, 23 minutes 10 seconds; Ihmsen, 23 minutes 40 seconds.

GRAND REGATTA.—The second annual regatta of the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, composed of the Atalanta, Atlantic, Gulick, Waverly, Columbia, Hudson, Mutual, Vesper and Palisade clubs, will come off on Thursday, Sept. 10th, on the Hudson River, off Hoboken. The first race will be for double sculls for two gold badges, to start at 2 o'clock P. M. The second race will be for eight oared barges, for an elegant silver punch bowl. The third race is for single sculls, for a gold badge and champion flag. The final race is for six oared gigs, for the champion flag of the association, now held by the Atalanta Club, of New York. If the day is pleasant this regatta ought to attract thousands of spectators, and prove one of the most exciting rowing gala-days known in our waters. No less than three clubs, viz., the Mutual, Gulick and Atalantas will row in new six oared gigs, built expressly for this regatta.

THE REGATTA AT CORNWALL LANDING.—The entries for Josh Ward's Regatta at Cornwall, on Wednesday, Sept. 16th, indicate that the regatta will be a success. As our readers know, it is to be for amateur oarsmen only, and already we learn of competitors from the Columbia, Vesper, Atalanta, Atlantic, Palisade and other crack rowing clubs. It is to consist of a single scull and double scull race, to be rowed in working boats; distance three miles in each race. The prizes are three elegant gold badges, costing $100. One for the single scull race and two for the victors in the double scull race. They are of beautiful pattern and design, and richly worthy of the competition which they will undoubtedly call forth from the ranks of our amateurs. The first race takes place at 1 o'clock P. M. The races will not be rowed if the day is stormy.

THE FOUR-OARED CHAMPIONSHIP.
THE PARIS CREW, OF ST. JOHN, ACCEPT THE WARD BROTHERS' CHALLENGE.
CALL FOR A MEETING.

In consequence of the length of time which has elapsed since the promulgation of the bold challenge issued by the heroes of Cornwall, on the Hudson, without anything being heard in reference thereto from any quarter, it was looked upon as a fixed fact that no four among all our oarsmen possessed the nerve to tackle the Wards, or could not find backers to risk their stamps upon them. All will, therefore, be gratified at the intelligence that at last four men worthy of their blades have picked up the gauntlet allowed to remain untouched so long, and especially when it is known that those oarsmen are none other than the famous four who won such bright laurels upon the waters of the Seine during the Exposition, defeating all their English and French rivals, and who have since been known by the title of the "Paris crew." It was this crew that the Wards supposed they would have to encounter when they made their match in September of last year, and of whom the mortified men of Brunswick spoke when they declared they had a crew at home who could beat the brothers easily. Efforts have been made at different times since to bring about a meeting between them, but the St. John men for some unexplained reason declined to respond in any way to the articles in reference to the matters which have appeared in these columns. Charley Elliott has, however, now been authorised to make a match in accordance with the terms of the subjoined communication, and as the Hudson heroes have expressed themselves all along as exceedingly anxious for a tilt with the brother oarsmen and rivals of the Provinces, we have not the slightest doubt but that they, or some one for them, will be on hand promptly on Saturday, 12th inst., to arrange necessary details. This match is bound to create a furore in aquatic and sporting circles generally, being invested with an international character, and presenting as competitors the acknowledged crack crews of the two sections, and we trust that all preliminary matters may be speedily and satisfactorily arranged. Read the following acceptance:—

NEW YORK, Sept. 7, 1868.

FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir.*—Sometime since there appeared in your columns a challenge from the Ward brothers to row any four-oared crew in the world. I herewith accept said challenge on behalf of the crew known as the "Paris Crew, of St. John, N. B." and will meet the brothers Ward or their representatives at the CLIPPER office on Saturday morning, 12th inst., between 11 and 12 o'clock, for the purpose of drawing up articles to row a six mile race (three miles to a stake-boat and return), Springfield, Mass., for the sum of $1,000 a side, within six weeks from date of signing articles. By giving this their immediate attention the Wards will much oblige,

Yours, respectfully, CHAS. B. ELLIOTT.

THE BIGLIN AND HAYS RACE.

The sculling match for five hundred dollars, distance five miles, between John A. Biglin, of New York, and Wm. H. Hays, of Williamsburgh, who met once before, took place on the Hudson, off the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, N. J., on the afternoon of Monday, 7th instant, the men pulling in working boats not exceeding 17 feet 5 inches, rowed upon the gunwale. The course, according to the articles, was two miles and a half up stream, turn a stake boat and back to place of starting. The attendance was quite respectable, considering the attraction presented by the ball match between the Athletics and Atlantics—a worse day could not have been chosen in this respect. James McKay, the boat builder, was referee, while Jim Biglin umpired for his brother, and Councilman Fay for Hays. Shortly before four o'clock a good send-off was had, Biglin being accompanied by a six-oared barge manned by Gulicks, and Hays by one from his own neighborhood. It was evident from the first that the Gothamite would win, which he eventually did after a waiting race in 23:47, about four lengths ahead of his antagonist. The distance was but two and three-quarter miles instead of five, an alteration the why and wherefore of which we did not learn.

GORDON JACKSON VS. CHAS. BROSSMAN.—The Pittsburgh *Commercial* of the 3d inst. states that "a few days since, Gordon Jackson, of the Xanthe Boat Club, Manchester, received a challenge through the mail from Chas. Brossman, of Philadelphia, champion sculler of the Schuylkill, to row him a scull race of five miles on the Schuylkill river at Philadelphia, for two hundred and fifty dollars a side, he allowing Jackson fifty dollars for expenses. Jackson has written a letter to Brossman, accepting the challenge, and leaving the date for the race to be fixed by the challenger, it not to come off until after the Butler and Brown race, on the 9th inst. Jackson is now awaiting an answer from Brossman, fixing the date, and in the meantime is placing himself in condition for the contest."

THE DELAWARE YACHT RACE.—The approaching yacht race between the Geo. M. Hill and Fidler, which is to take place on the Delaware river on Thursday, 10th inst., continues to grow in interest as the day draws nearer. On Tuesday, 1st inst., the day appointed for posting the balance of the money, both parties met at the house of John F. Pote, corner of Otis and Richmond streets, Philadelphia, and put up $225 a side, making $500 in all. The race has been fixed to start from Bridesburg and run to Block House buoy and return, starting at a quarter past ten o'clock.

BOAT RACE AROUND BEDLOE'S ISLAND.—A race came off on Sept. 6th in seventeen feet working boats, from a stake-boat off Baltic street, Brooklyn, around Bedloe's Island and return, for the sum of $100. The contestants were Daniel Murphy and Thomas Welsh, pulling respectively the Thos. Rabbitt and Henry Bomeir. From the start Murphy gained the lead, and came in winner of the race in 45 minutes. Welsh's time was 52 minutes. Ex-Alderman Matthew Murphy officiated as referee. Steve Hickey was umpire for Murphy and James Hughes for Welsh. There was a large assemblage of spectators on the decks, and the river swarmed with small boats. Considerable money changed hands on the result.

AMATEUR SINGLE SCULL RACE.—The challenge of Edward Smith, of the Atalanta Boat Club of New York, to Thomas Fearon, of the Vesper Boat Club of Yonkers, has, we believe, been accepted by the latter. Fearon enjoys a reputation from his many victories, and is the present champion of the Hudson Navy. Smith has also shown himself to be a game and good oarsman upon more than one occasion. Fearon competes in the single scull race of the annual regatta of our associated boat clubs on the 10th of September.

CHAS. HORNE, of Schenectady, N. Y., was to commence his trip from Buffalo to Albany in a wash tub on the 7th inst., having made a wager that he can accomplish the distance in eighteen days.

PRESENTATION.—Le Roy, who defeated A. L. Amelung, of the Palisade Club, of Yonkers, N. Y., a three miler, at Poughkeepsie, on the 1st inst., has been presented with a valuable silver cup by his fellow members of the Shatemuc Club.

THE TEA FLEET RACE.—The annual contest between the clipper ships with cargoes of tea from China excited the usual amount of interest across the water this year. The ship Ariel arrived from Foochow on the 1st inst., and fairly won the race, making two successive victories. The Ariel sailed in company with the Taeping and Sir Launcelot. On the 3d inst. the Spindrift and Sir Launcelot arrived off the mouth of the Thames, the Spindrift beating Launcelot about twenty-four hours.

NEW BARGE.—The members of the Vesper Club, of Yonkers, N. Y., launched their new eight oared pleasure barge on the 2d inst. The boat was manned by the following crew:—Flag, bow; Coles, No. 2; Rowland, No. 3; Macfarlane, No. 4; Watt, No. 5; R. Howland, No. 6; Keeler, No. 7; Thos. Fearon, stroke; Commodore Banks, coxswain.

SCOTTISH GAMES AT JONES WOOD.

The twelfth annual celebration of the Caledonian Club, of this city was held at their usual resort, Jones Wood, on Thursday, 3d inst. About three o'clock in the afternoon it began to rain, and keeping it up without any intermission for refreshments did much to spoil the sport and dampen the ardor of the participants, although the programme was gone through with in spite of the drenching the contestants received. We give the names of the successful competitors in the various games:—

1. Putting the heavy stone (24lbs)—Mr. Alexander G. Graham.
2. Putting the light stone (18lbs)—Mr. Peter Frazer, of Montreal.
3. Standing jump—Mr. Peter Frazer.
4. Throwing the heavy hammer (21lbs)—Mr. Peter Frazer.
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6. Running jump—Mr. Peter Frazer.
7. Broad jump—Mr. James Kirkland.
8. Running high leap—Mr. Peter Frazer first, A. G. Graham second.
9. Short race—Mr. J. Graddy first, P. Frazer second.
10. Boys' race, under twelve years, for sons of members only—John Buchanan.
11. The three-legged race—Mr. A. Forrester first, R. Hamilton second.
12. Vaulting with the pole—Mr. Peter Frazer first, nine feet eight inches; William L. Campbell second, eight feet nine inches; Al. Graham third, eight feet six inches.
13. Long race—Mr. Alex. Graham first, James Kirkland second, Adam Walker third.
14. Tossing the caber—Mr. P. Frazer first, Robert Williamson second, W. L. Campbell third.
15. Walking match (one mile)—William Deans first, Matt Golding second, J. A. Kirtlie, third.
16. Long race (one mile), open to all comers, first prize $30, second prize $25—Dead heat between J. Fitzgerald and M. Hughes.
17. Highland fling—James West first, John Taylor second, James Taylor third.
18. Sack race—David Melville first, R. Stevenson second, R. Forfer third.
19. Standing high leap—James Golding first, four feet three inches; W. L. Campbell second, four feet two inches; Adam Walker third, three feet ten inches.
20. Hitch and kick—W. L. Campbell first, eight feet three inches; John Golding second, eight feet two inches; Thomas Nichol third, eight feet.
21. Hurdle race—Adam Walker first, R. Hamilton second, T. Nichol third.
22. Boys' hurdle race, under fifteen, sons of members only—Archibald Craig first, William Pollock second, George Hamilton third.
23. Hop, step and jump—A. Nichol first, thirty-four feet; J. Golding second, thirty-three feet eleven inches.
24. Wheelbarrow race—James Thompson first, R. Hauth second, John Cummins third.

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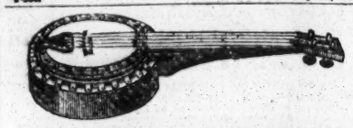

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